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VAGARIES OF YOUTH

A COLLECTION OF VERSES

BY

CHARLES LAWTON JONES

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LINES ON A SLEEPING CHILD.*

A lovely child, in whose sweet face
  Angelic beauties beam,
Lay on a couch in sleep's embrace,
  Wrapped in an angel's dream.

Her cheeks they looked like roses fair,
  So velvet-like and bland,
Just gathered fresh, with greatest care,
  By a kind gentle hand.

Her lips quite motionless remained,
  Such lips of rubies bright,
They looked like glittering diamonds, stained
  By the sun's brilliant light.

Her eyes, now shut in profound sleep,
  Her eyelids o'er them drawn,
But when awake, her eyes are deep,
  And brilliant as the dawn.

---

* The author inserts these lines not because there is any merit in them, but because it was his first attempt at writing verses.

Her nose, though it is very small,
  Of classic feature too,
'Twas liken to a waxen doll,
  So beautiful and true.

Her forehead, smooth and snowy fair,
  Shone out in open view,
Now pure and free from every care,
  Sweet and innocent too.

Her flaxen hair, as soft as silk,
  In graceful order flow,
Upon her neck of snowy milk,
  Like heaps of drifted snow.

Where she doth lie, there beauty dwells,
  In fond, caressing joy,
Perfumed with fragrant rosy smells,
  Like Cupid, lovely boy!

How sweet and quiet she does lie,
  Unconscious that she thrives,
She knows not what it is to die,
  Nor does she know she lives.

Sleep on, sweet child! none will awake
  Thy quiet nap of rest,
But with compassion, pity sake,
  Thy situation bless.

Peace and happiness forever dwell
  In thy own blest abode;
Farewell! thou lovely child, farewell!
  Sweet image of thy God.

November, 1843.

THE SONG OF THE BOATMAN AT NIGHT.

A row on the water on a moonlight night,
Is the boatman's heart-solace and only delight;
The splash of the oar as he merrily rows,
And the jocund loud laugh disturbs the repose.

Row on, happy boatman! be merry and glad,
Whilst all are reposing, and nature is clad
In night's darksome robe; and ye mountains re-
  joice,
And echo the sound as it comes from his voice.

Ye heavens and stars, and a moon that doth shine
With her silvery light so meek and benign,
The boatman exhorts ye, ye heavenly throng!
To join in the chorus of the gay boatman's song.

A toast, jolly toast, to the boatman who rows,
And ripples so gently the water's repose,

And lulls all to rest: and all those who are sad,
With sweet joyful music he makes them feel
glad.

Row on, happy boatman! be merry and gay
Whilst nature is clad now in darkness array
For a row on the water on a moonlight night
Is the boatman's heart-solace and only delight.

December, 1843.

AURORA.

'Tis almost morn, and still the earth is dark,
The stars above shine with a tiny spark;
Nature is tranquil, and all is dark and deep,
And man is hushed in deep and quiet sleep.
Each silver star sits on his lofty throne,
And marks with watchful eye th' approach of
morn.

'Tis morn, and oh! how cool Aurora's breeze,
As it gently blows and nods the leafy trees,
And catches on its way the murmuring brook,
And gently ripples its clear and placid look.
'Tis pleasant now to walk, when night has gone,
When morn the earth with sparkling gems has
sown.
The vocal birds, in silence all night long,
Now wake to life, and sing their matin song.

Behold! there comes the mighty King of Day,
And now the brightest stars do fade away:
Sol wakens from his sleep, and peeps his head
From 'neath the golden drapery of his bed,
And o'er fair nature flows his orient beams,
And wakens many from their happy dreams:
He plays upon the verdant fields and trees,
And with his lips, does kiss the zephyr breeze;
The whispering stream, as it pursues its way,
Is made to dance and sparkle in its ray;
The feathered songsters now the more rejoice,
And tune the air with their melodious voice;
All nature smiles—but most of all queen Flora,
To usher in the blushing queen Aurora.

Now see how picturesque the scene does look,
For 'tis a leaf from Nature's fairest book;
Nature's an artist—in every glowing line
Is seen the traces of a hand divine.
"But who can paint like Nature?" man has tried
To equal it, exulting in his pride;
But bow, vain man, before the mighty one
Know *Nature's God*, and know God stands *alone.*

The painted sky, with curtains richly made,
In clouded beauty now before us laid,

Its one vast Iris thrown o'er heaven's brow,
For in it all the rainbow's colors glow:
Look where you may, a beauty meets your eye,
Which looks like some fair Eden in the sky.
The spell is broke: the breath of morn's no more,
And no Aurora now can we adore;
For see, the sun now mounts the noontide sky,
And gains the highest point that's found on high;
There from his throne, he pours his ardent beam,
And melts the fair Aurora like a dream;
She fades away so gently and so sweet,
We think that we are gazing on her yet.
At last we feel the charm has gone away,
And with her flies the beauty of the day;
And so the sun does drain Aurora's cup
And all the landscape he does swallow up.

April 24, 1844.

SONG.

"Speak, my Dearest!"

Speak, my dearest! speak one word,
Cheer this lonely heart of mine,
Sure thy prayers in heaven are heard,
Angels say thou art divine.

Soothe this breast so full of woe,
  Whisper gentle words of love,
Round thy heart the stream doth flow
  Pure and bright as heaven above.

Quench this flame that in me glows,
  Say that hope still lingers yet,—
Ah! if there's comfort, surely those
  Are words which I can ne'er forget.

January, 1845.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY.

Beautiful being! may I to thee express
  The rapt'rous feelings of my heart when thee
I gaze upon? The more I see thee, th' less
  Thou art of earth, but some divinity:
Stamped by thy Maker's hand in rarest mould;
Thy face (ah! yes, the theme I would unfold
  Lies there) the spring, the index of the mind;
There, there it glows, O Venus! would'st thou see
  Thyself excelled, look there, and there you'll find
There is a beauty lovelier than thee:
  In thee are seen the traces of a hand
  Of exquisite touch and mould. A fairy's wand,

Whose charm has magic in its touch,
  Ne'er changed and formed a being like to thee,
Though beautiful they may have been, yet such
  Thy order, palpably we can see
The impress of a being's make supreme;
  Who must have modelled thee the *beau ideal*
Of all perfection. To me, thou dost seem
  The one where I could find my love and weal.
The bards of old or modern times to me,
Could ne'er have seen a lovelier one than thee—
Thou ever must remain a mystery.

October 6, 1845.

A VISION.

I had a vision in my waking dream.
Methought I saw a being: he did seem
A gentle youth. Beside him stood a maid
As young and fair as he: she was arrayed
In a strange mixture of bright green and red;
She leaned upon his arm and oft she said
What her heart felt and knew. Their love
Was such indeed as might fair angels move:
They whispered words of truth, and oh! how fair
The language of their hearts. A silent tear

Would now and then bedim her eyes, and mar
The lustre of them, like a brilliant star
Shining thro' a misty night, half seen—obscure—
Their love was sealed—their hearts were glad once more.

The scene was changed: within a temple stood
The self-same beings in a thoughtful mood.
And she how lovely—angels might have wept
For on her brow, the throne of beauty slept.
Behold they kneel—their silence is their prayer,
Their hearts are with their God—to Him they bear
Their gratitude and thanks, and humbly pray
For Him to bless them on life's thorny way.
And now they raise their eyes, a ray divine
Shoots from above and lo! the sacred shrine
Of Hymen stood before them in the light,
Revealing all so beautiful and bright.
Most loving pair! devoutly Him they blessed.
And oh! how happy seems that maiden's breast,
Now standing by the altar with her head
Pillowed on him:—as the last rites are said,
A paleness steals across her face—her eyes
Grow dim—she sinks—her spirit mounts the skies.

January, 1846.

STANZAS TO ELDIE.

I had a wish, when first I dreamed of love,
That it would glow within my youthful breast;
Not many years elapsed before a dove
Came fluttering 'round, disturbing me of rest;
'Twas then I saw thee, and I was possessed
With love most mad, most passionate and strong,
And in my dreams a spirit made me blest
With words of hope, wove in her artless song,
Who bore me on her wings to where the angels throng.

Eldie! upon thy cheeks there dwells a hue,
And in thine eyes there beams a sparkling light,
And in thy guileless heart I there first knew
Thy purity was stainless, and the sight
Of thy sweet face is beautiful and bright;
And gazing on, I feel my bosom glow
And my heart beat and throb with pure delight;
I would no other love or bliss to know,
Oh! can'st thou not on me, one smile—one look bestow?

Thy ev'ry breath is love, and odors sweet
  Float on each breeze that fans thy peerless
    face,
And childhood's rosy hours do linger yet,
  As loathe to part with purity and grace;
And in my heart thou hold'st a dearer place
  Than ever lovely woman held before.
It is a joy to live in thy embrace,
  Beneath thy smile, whose beauty first I saw;
I can but worship thee, and worshipping—adore.

February 14, 1847.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN WALKER.

A little band of warlike men,
  Led on by one of daring strength,
In Mexico had marching been,
  When Huamantla reached at length:
And drawing up their line to meet
The foemen in the open street.

The enemy came rushing on,
  In number full six times as great,
Yet still that band unmoved, alone,
  Quailed not beneath the foemen's hate;
But wait until the shock is o'er
Then mingle in the battle's roar.

And valiant Walker, foremost one,
  Is seen amid the dreadful strife,
His voice is heard in urging on
  His men to fight, for "sweet is life,"
But they whose hearts are adamant,
Need not be told what cowards want.

The scale of fortune seems to turn,
  For now our men are driven back—
But look again—the foes must learn
  Our men in courage do not lack;
Their hearts are iron, and steel their breast,
He who conquers must fight the best.

But where is he our gallant chief,
  The hero of that Spartan band?
A father mourns in frenzied grief
  His son, slain by our hero's hand.
And still amid the tumult round,
Our Captain gave many a wound.

Ah! bloody was that conflict then,
  And many a daring feat was done,
And prodigies of valor seen,
  Performed by that brave man alone;
But fatal when he slew that son—
It was the signal for his own

That father rushed amid the din
  And shots which fell in earnest good,
Nor stopped he till he stood within
  A few feet where brave Walker stood.
Regardless of his life he went—
Ah! happy had he ne'er been sent.

He waited not—but lifting high
  The spear which in his hand he bore,
With steady aim he let it fly,
  And gallant Walker was no more—
But with him fell, while life was warm,
His murderer—that father's form.

Many an eye shall weep for thee,
  And many harps shall sing thy praise,
Thy name will live immortally,
  Sung by poets in their lays:
Thy noblest monument will be
Upon the page of history.

November 14, 1847.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

I.

Lo! in the dim and cloudy past,
  A shadow fleeting as our breath,
Is borne upon the wintry blast;
  It comes, it goes, 'tis thee, O death!
How many victims hast thou borne,
Within the past, to that unknown?
  The olden year has passed away,
Nor left a single wreck behind,
Smooth as the gentle zephyr wind,
  As calm as summer day.

II.

I hear its footsteps lightly tread,
  I hear its echoes faintly swell,
The old year sighs; ere it is dead
  List, list, it whispers "*fare—thee—well*;"
And to the past it swiftly flies,
And, o'er its grave, time present lies:
  A year has gone, I drop a tear—
And time, our friend, and yet our foe,
Who cheats, and yet beguiles us so,
  We hail thee, bright New Year!

III.

How beautiful, upon the earth,
  The morning of thy birth-day dawns;
Turns sadness into jocund mirth,
  Rejoicing o'er what memory mourns.
In ice and snow, the new year's clad,
Yet spring will come to make us glad,
  And summer brighter joys contain;
The falling leaf will but remind,
The dying year is in the wind,
  And winter's come again.

November 30, 1847.

TO THE MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT THOMAS A. BRADY,

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS,

who died at Tampico, November 8, 1847, of yellow fever

The earth is a refuge of sorrow and care,
  And life is a fleeting and sad chequered scene,
  To-day man is blooming as fresh and as green,
To-morrow he fades like the Autumn leaf sere.
  How short and how transient is life then I
    ween,
                Mortal here.

Death's hovering near, like an eagle on high,
As he looks on his prey, on the plains below,
Then quickly descending, and seizing him, lo!
In his glory ascends, with his prey toward the sky:
So Death came to him, and said "Mortal know
Thou must die."

He is gone to his grave where the weary can rest,
In a far distant land, far away from his home;
Should it e'er be my lot in that country to roam,
I will think of my friend, the noblest and best,
And will seek out his grave, and flowers shall bloom
O'er his breast.

He is gone, the generous and free-hearted soul,
Whose face beamed with humor, the offspring of bliss;
Oh! could I but press on his cold cheek a kiss,
As he now sleeps afar; I would say it was stole
For the sake of his sisters, their hearts to bless,
And console.

O weep for the lost one! around his death bed
A stranger attends him, and closes his eyes,

Alas! his *dear* friends are not there when he dies,
Yet thank they the stranger for smoothing his head.
Farewell, noble soul! we can scarce realize
Thou art dead.

December 14, 1847.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

A SONNET.

Whilst nature has endowed mankind with all
That tends to make them happy on this earth,
What heav'nly gift more precious than the birth
Of Love! In Paradise, when Adam's fall
From perfect bliss, and innocence divine,
Invoked the wrath of Heaven, did Love die
Within his heart, reclaimed by God on high?
Eve smiled on him, but ah! did he resign
Fair lovely woman, and bid Love depart?
Within his heart the seeds were sown innate,
And when he gazed on Eve, all human hate
Melted into Love, so triumphed the heart.
Though from that time we date Death's primal birth,
Yet what we lost in Heav'n, we found on earth.

December 19, 1847.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A SONNET.

I never gazed on beauty, but I felt
  My heart and soul in unison to beat;
  A strange sensation fraught with joy so sweet,
That I have wished all earthly things would melt
Into beauty. I have gazed on mountains,
  And felt their wild sublimity creep o'er me—
  Seen heaven spread her starry mantle 'fore me,
And heard sweet music, and the gush of fountains:
Have watched the stars until Aurora smiles,
  And the first breath of morning kissed my cheek;
The rising sun, amid most splendid piles
  Of clouds, until I had no heart to speak:
These had their power—but one thing greater moved—
'Twas when I gazed on *woman*, and I *loved*.

January 3, 1848.

'TIS SWEET TO LOVE.

'Tis sweet to love, and find some mate
  Who'll faithful to thee prove.
But, ah! how sad and desolate
  That heart devoid of love.
                Sad fate.

'Tis sweet to dwell on moments gone
  In childhood's rosy hours,
When down the stream of life is borne
  Youth's frail bark decked with flowers.
                Bright morn.

'Tis sweet to love and find some mate
  Whose heart can beat with yours,
For, ah! how happy is that state
  Governed by Hymen's laws.
                Glad fate.

'Tis sweet to have a matchless dower
  And that rich gift a friend,
Who, in misfortune's darkest hour,
  Proves faithful to the end.
                Rich flower.

'Tis sweet to love and find some mate
  Who'll faithful to thee prove.
For, ah! how sad and desolate
  That heart devoid of love.
                Sad fate.

January 9, 1848.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ANN G. CRASSOUS, OF PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

There lately was in thy dear home
  Deep joy in every breast,
But now, alas! that joy is gloom,
For thou hast met an early tomb,
  To find eternal rest.

And thou art gone—thy sisters weep,
  Deplore thy brief career;
Why should they? when we know you sleep
In happy lands, where spirits keep
  Their vigils ever near.

Sleep on—the young—the good—the fair—
  Though sisters mourn for thee;
Thy happiness was found not here,
But far above, another sphere,
  That sphere, eternity.

Thou wert a mother, and did'st know
  A mother's tenderness;
But grief is on thy child's heart now,
No more canst thou thy love bestow,
  Or heal thy child's distress.

Two years have scarcely rolled away
  Since thy dear mother died—
It seems as though 'twas yesterday
I saw her last—but thou dost lay,
  Loved daughter! by her side.

I did not think that when I saw
  Thy sister and thee part,
That she would ne'er behold thee more;
But she is far away from your
  Dear grave, now grieved in heart.

I fain would waft a blessing now
  To her sad lonely heart,
In that warm clime where south winds blow,
To mingle with her grief and woe,
  And sympathy impart.

It is a quiet spot, thy grave,
  Within the churchyard ground—
And o'er thy head the willows wave,
And Hudson's lovely waters lave
  Not far beneath thy mound.

Oh! let thy name be cherished long,
  Too soon do we forget;
Friends of the earth, do thou prolong
Her name, as I would in my song—
  Farewell! thy sun is set.

January 26, 1848.

TO MRS. TODGERS.

A reminiscence of Quogue, Long Island.

A poet fain would celebrate thy charms,
  Thou famed and wondrous woman of the age;
But lest his pen should fail and give alarms,
  Invokes the gentle muse to curb his rage.
Although he's now like ships at sea, in calms,
  So quiet are his thoughts; the poet's page
Would fill his soul with rapture and delight,
He is in such a poetic mood to-night.

What prompted me to dedicate this song
  To thee, I cannot tell, upon my word,
You know our thoughts will wander oft among
  Strange curious things, and carol like a bird
Whene'er let loose in ink, or by the tongue;
  And I have thought that since I have not heard
From you, dear friend, in such a length of time,
I thought that I might write to thee in rhyme.

The very thought of thee bids mem'ry rise,
  The day when first I saw thy happy face,
Thy lovely arms so fat, and deep blue eyes,
  Thy youthfulness, so fresh and full of grace;
But do not *hate* me when I mention size,
  Although you're short, it is a common case
For one so young, who still is in her teens,
Oh! you will grow ere four years intervenes.

I did not mention, but I'll do it now,
  For it recalls unto my mind some more
Who with thee went to Quogue, ah! you well know
  That sandy beach, where breakers dash and roar,
Where nature so romantic seems to grow
  Poetical, and bids bright fancy soar
Sublime, and sing in strains so rapturous
That heaven no doubt would ask "what means that fuss?"

But I descend with Pegasus again,
  And seek the "quiet tenor of my way,"
And talk of thee, although 'twill make thee vain,
  To tell thee thou art handsome and can play
The piano-fortè well, and entertain
  Thy hearers with an operatic lay;
And I have seen thee dance, and weep, and pun,
And laugh in Niblo's House at Gabriel's fun.

And thou hast many friends, and I will tell
  Their names, if they will take it in good sport.
" Bowld Soger Boy," and " Frankey," who excel
  All others in " John Rogers " and that sort,
" Elixir " and " Bright Canaan " they sing
    well,
  And there's their friend poor " Fidget " who
    I thought
Would surely die, he had so many ills,
And then to cure himself, he'd take " *blue pills.*"

I hope dear Mrs. T——, my song's not dull,
  But I will soon console thee with its end,
Still I have tried the rarest flowers to cull,
  To feast thy eyes, and make thee well attend;
But I must on—why linger? 'tis a rule
  Of mine to stop and breathe, my pen to mend,
I'm off—and there's " The Earl " in love, cute
    fox!
In sells the fav'rite victim of " The Ox."

But one more on the gemmen's list I have,
  And he forsooth I nearly did forget,
And I am glad I did not, for he'd rave
  If I did not name him among the set
Of people who to Quogue went, there to lave
  In ocean's brine, though rarely he would wet
Even his feet, so timid and afraid—
But pardon, sir, I mean not what I've said.

The ladies, ah! God bless them, they at last
  Do come upon my vision like a dream,
And first of all there's Delia, ah! she hast
  A loveliness that makes her look supreme:
From her bright eyes there comes no withering
    blast,
  But all is sunshine in her heart I deem—
And those who may her friendship ever gain,
Will ever wish her friendship to retain.

I'll pass unto her sister, "Mrs. Chick!"
  A creature lovely as the blushing morn—
But now I find that by my candle wick,
  I'll soon be left in darkness and alone,
And as my time is short, I'll take my pick
  Among the names and speak of those that's
    known
To be thy dearest friends, who with thee went
To sandy Quogue, on health and pleasure bent.

I think I mentioned once, but 'tis no harm
  (And Mrs. T—— I know will "*think so
    too*")
To mention once again her charming name,
  Whom "Frankey" just to plague "The
    Earl" would woo
And make such love, that gave "The Earl"
    alarm,

But I've not mentioned "Mrs. M——" to you,
Nor "Tummus" and "Tweek" both fond of Taylor's cream
But there—my candle's out and so's my theme.

January 27, 1848.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Dedicated to Miss ——.

To sing of love and lovers is a task
That poets most delight in and excel;
And since, fair maid, you've been most pleased to ask
Of me the tale, Musæus sang so well;
(Although I hardly dare the story tell
In my own verse, since that great poet threw
Around it such a sweet and magic spell
Of beauty, and Homeric grandeur too;)
I cannot well deny, to tell this tale to you.

But to my aid I'll call from Helicon,
That sacred height that stands in classic Greece,
Which ancient poets loved to look upon,
For there they could their pent-up thoughts release,

And soar on Fancy's wings of joy and peace,
Beyond the dull realities of earth;
Within a world where the Nine never cease
To yield delight, and fill the soul with mirth;
Inspire my song, O Muse! fair one of heav'nly birth.

There was in ancient Thrace a well-built town,
Sestos by name, and strongly fortified;
Nor was it then unknown, for its renown
Was spread abroad, extending far and wide.
The Hellespont flowed swiftly by its side,
O'er which the armament of Xerxes pass'd,
Which raised it to its ancient fame and pride;
Till Chares came, besieged it, and at last
It yielded up, and to oblivion was cast.

That famous goddess, Venus! who has charmed
The poet and the painter, and all those
Whose hearts in winning beauty have been warmed
With that delicious nectar, which flows
Like streams of gladness, shedding, as it goes,
Bright golden lights of ev'ry colored hue,
And perfumes rare, far sweeter than the rose;
This goddess then, most beautiful to view,
Resided here with Hero, a lovely woman, too.

Hero was a priestess of this Goddess,
And long had known a youth, whose fabled name
Has charmed the bard; Leander, 'twas no less;
Who lived in strong Abydos, on the same
Stream she dwelt, just opposite, who nightly swam
Across the Hellespont, to see his love,
For both had felt for each a mutual flame;
And Leander thus his faithfulness to prove,
Would brave the waves and winds, to see his mated dove.

Thus did this noble youth go to and fro,
Impelled by love, and faithful to his word;
And all the admonitions parents know
To warn their children, were by him unheard.
He still would go. Ambition in him stirred
Its secret might, which made his love most strong;
And let what come, his spirit had averr'd
To cross the deep, though dangers round him throng,
For such was Hero loved, that her he could not wrong.

On Sestos' height, within a lofty tower,
Fair Hero sat and watched, one stormy night,

The winds blew high in all their strength and
power;
Within her hand she held a burning light,
To guide her lover to this distant height.
Meanwhile Leander, leaping from the shore,
When, too, the tempest raged with all its
might,
Regardless of his life; when half way o'er
He felt his strength give way, and sank to rise no
more.

But Hero knew not this, she waited long,
Although her heart beat high with doubt and
fear,
The wind to her poured forth a dirge-like song;
The hour waxed on, and still her list'ning ear
Would catch at every sound, both far and near.
But, ah! no lover came, and full of woe,
From off the lofty tower she in despair,
Leaped down upon the roaring sea below;
Thus died Leander brave, and beautiful Hero.

January 30, 1848.

TO KATY.

In memory of one who loved her.

O weep not, Katy! though he's gone,
Thy true and faithful Alimone,
  Whose love to thee was given;
He bade me at his dying bed,
These are the very words he said,
  "Tell Katy I'm in Heaven!"

Tread lightly! for the dying need
A stillness, when the soul is freed,
  And unto God is led;
A youth in whose pure heart had dwelt
True love, which he for years had felt,
  Lay sick upon his bed.

'Tis evening!—in the skies above
The stars are there like worlds of love,
  The winter wind is sighing;
Within a chamber (cold the night),
The moon is shining clear and bright,
  Upon a youth that's dying.

Beside him is his mother dear,
And sisters, too, are standing near,
  But tears are in their eyes;

He lays his head upon her breast
And on his heart her hand he press'd,
  And pointed to the skies.

A smile upon his features played,
As those bright realms he now surveyed,
  And from his lips there fell
These dying words—"O mother, dear!
Why do you weep? death I don't fear;
  In yonder star I'll dwell.

"Dear sisters! weep no more for me,
I'm going to eternity,
  Where happiness is found;
Life is but brief, and we shall meet
Ere long in that high, blissful seat,
  Where angels throng around.

"I'm happy, mother! for I feel
A joy across my bosom steal,
  But shed for me no tear—
And when I'm gone, look at that star,
In yonder sky that shines afar,
  And think I'm living there.

"Tell Katy, mother, when I'm gone,
In Heaven I will meet her soon."
  And here his eyes grew dim—

"Sweet Katy! I am thine!" he cried
And speaking her dear name, he died,
  The sweetest name to him.

Sweet is his sleep in Greenwood now,
Though wintry winds around him blow,
  And hushed the robin's lay;
But when the snow and ice shall melt,
And Nature genial days have felt,
  Then I'll in Greenwood stray.

And standing by his grave alone,
At his dear head I'll place a stone
  With this inscription on;
It is a simple slab indeed,
And were you there you'd start to read
  The name of "Alimone."

Sleep, gentle youth! and take thy rest,
Thy spirit nestles in the breast
  Of God—with Him alone;
And when thy Katy dear shall die,
Angels shall bear her to the sky
  To live with Alimone.

February 14, 1848.

MY LOVED ONE'S NAME.

A SONNET.

Eldie! my loved one's name, when it I hear,
  I start, as though no other lips but mine
  Were made to speak it—it is so divine:
'Tis blended with my being, as a tear
  Is shed, and mingled for the sacred dead;
As holy and inviolate as love;
More beautiful than heaven above,
  When lit by sunset, or when stars are spread
Like angels watching o'er the thoughtless young;
  It is a halo round my forehead fair,
To light my soul; 'tis ever on my tongue;
  None other seems so lovely: the very air
Breathes its echo: like ivy it has clung
  Around my heart, and O! 'tis very dear.

February 14, 1848.

THE POET.

He writes for fame,
  To gain a name
That will for ever stand;
  That when he's dead,
  His name will spread
Immortal through the land.

He writes for fame,
And not for gain;
What's wealth to genius' son?
He cares not for
The glittering ore;
He lives for fame *alone.*

He writes for fame—
The common aim
Of every living soul:
But, ah! how few,
(Alas! too true,)
E'er reach the distant goal.

He writes for fame—
You'd do the same
To wear bright glory's crown;
Than live and die,
In the grave to lie,
Forgotten and unknown.

He writes for fame—
Delicious dream
In such a world as his:
Who would not write
In heaven's light
For fame, through such a bliss?

He writes for fame!
What nobler claim
Is he deserving of?
Distinction is
His only bliss,
The ideal of his love.

He writes for fame!
Ah! do not blame
The restless soaring muse;
For genius rare,
And talents, are
Most sure to meet their dues.

He writes for fame,
To gain a name
That will for ever stand;
That when he's dead,
His name will spread
Immortal through the land.

April 11, 1848.

SUMMER IS COMING.

Summer is coming! already has spring
Tripped forth o'er the earth like a beautiful thing,
Dearest season of youth! thou art still lingering
In thy sweet abode.
Fair spring, thou must leave us, yet going—shall stay,
Thy charms cannot fade through the long summer's day,
For summer's like spring; 'tis like passing away
From youth to manhood.

Summer is coming! soon spring will be parting
The sun's warm rays through the trees will be darting,
And man will regret that spring is departing
With its days so sweet.
Yet summer is welcome, I love its warm hours,
It brings to perfection the fruits and the flowers,
And earth, too, is gladdened with freshening showers
When parched by the heat.

Summer is coming! warm days will be here,
Then away to the country, and breathe her pure air,

From thy heart she will drive away sorrow and
care;
O seek but her haunts:
Health, peace and happiness in nature you'll
find,
She gives to the care-worn a calm happy mind,
You need but to seek her, and she will prove kind
To thy many wants.

Summer is coming! I hear the sweet breeze
Whisper forth as it quietly flows through the
trees,
" O hail to the season of flowers and bees,
Of warm sunny days."
'Tis a glorious season! the pride of the year,
When beauty and plenty man's toiling days
cheer,
To me, merry season! thou art very dear,
On thee let me gaze.

May 1, 1848.

DEATH OF

LIEUTENANT EDGAR CHANDLER,

Who fell in the Battle of Churubusco, August 20, 1847.

"While thus enjoying the pleasure of bestowing my commendation upon the living, I turn with feelings of sorrow, though with pride, to recollect the gallant dead. Lieutenant Edgar Chandler of the New York Volunteers, and Lieutenants David Adams and W. R. Williams of the South Carolina Regiment, are of those who gallantly fell. Yielding their lives to achieve this glorious victory, they have won a soldier's fame with a soldier's death."—*Extract from Brigadier-General James Shield's Official Dispatch.*

"Grim visaged war" has swept the plain,
And carried to a mother's heart
The tidings of a fallen son,
Who yielded up his life to gain
The glory of a brave man's part,
Which he so proudly, nobly won.

Ah! some will sink to Lethe's wave,
And others rise upon the height
Of glory by the wings of Fame—
But those will be the truly brave,
Who for their Country nobly fight,
To win an everlasting name.

Brave Chandler! let me hymn thy praise,
And Adams, Williams, they who fell
Beside thee in the battle's heat;
To thee, brave soul! the poet pays
This tribute, for he knew thee well—
A nobler heart than thine ne'er beat.

Where Churubusco's lovely plain
Stretched o'er the land of Mexico,
Two hostile arms had gathered near,
And soon that field a gory stain
Will wear, the blood of friend and foe—
Death cannot make a brave heart fear.

The cannon's roar, the martial sound,
The smoke in tumult fills the air,
And face to face each foeman meet,
Perhaps to get his mortal wound,
And yet those brave hearts onward bear,
To do a great and noble feat.

The day wore on—one after one,
Were combats fought, and victory
Had crowned the brave Americans—
And Chandler through them all had gone,
Except the last, which is to be
The end of all his earthly plans.

There, there he stands, that noble soul,
  Just in the prime of early life,
    And for awhile his happy home
Upon his vision seems to roll—
  But mingling in the deadly strife,
    'Tis soon forgot amid the gloom.

Upon an open meadow stood
  The Mexicans' stout infantry,
    In number full four thousand men—
And soon our brave men like a flood
  Poured down upon the enemy,
    And dimmed with smoke the vision's ken.

Amid the thickest of the fight
  Our Spartan hero's form is seen,
    And many a goodly blow he gave,
When too the battle's at its height;
  Young man! you fight like one that's been
    In war before, you are so brave.

Above the tumult rose the cry
  Of many in their dying breath,
    And oh! it is a dreadful sight
To see them in their agony;
  Heart-rending is the hour of death
    Upon the gory field of fight.

The strife was varied, long and hot,
The bloodiest in the Mexic' war—
Yes! Churubusco's name will stand
In history's annals unforgot,
Her heroes too will evermore
Shine forth the pride of freedom's land.

Heroic man! thy time is short,
Yet bravely hast thou done thy part—
Once more above the din that tone
Is heard, which seems like magic wrought—
When lo! a bullet pierced his heart,
And falling, died without a groan.

Thus perished in a noble cause,
A brave young man, a gen'rous soul,
And where he fell his corse was laid—
But now it sleeps upon these shores,
Where native skies above him roll;
Peace to that gallant soldier's shade.

His memory will ever live
Deep in his country's proud-felt name,
And bards will tune heroic lyres
To sing his noble deeds, and give
In their immortal verse a fame,
That only dies when time expires.

May 2, 1848.

THE EVENING STAR.

The king of day has sunk behind the hills,
  And up the sky a crimson beauty leaves,
    And for a while it sheds a brighter light,
    As though it knew it soon must yield to night,
  For even now I see fair nature grieves
Itself in twilight tears and dewy rills.

Day fades away; a settled shadow flits
  Across the earth, and now a deeper shade
    Fast follows it, and changing ever still;
    So twilight steals along from hill to hill
  Till on the brow of night a gem is laid,
The brightest of the stars, fair Venus sits.

Hail, lovely star! so beautiful and meek,
  No fiery sparks e'er come from thy bright eye,
    But a soft mellow lustre round thee thrown,
    That melts the heart to gaze on thee alone;
  Reign ever in thy solitude on high,
All stars, compared with thee, are wan and weak.

Thou watchest over earth, fair evening star!
  As though thou wert an angel; thou dost seem

To quell the passions of proud man, and make
His mind a stillness and a calmness take;
Thy spell is like a sweet and lovely dream,
For viewing thee our thoughts of heaven are.

I see thee shining still—thou diadem
Of beauty and of love; one after one
The lesser orbs of sombre night peep forth,
But thou, bright lovely star! alone art worth
More than the light of all, for like a sun
Thou palest their light, and reign'st the brightest gem.

May 4, 1848.

TO THE UNION PARK FOUNTAIN, NEW YORK.

I've seen thee gush,
Sweet fountain! from thy basin with thy jet
Of living water, with a gentle rush
That seem'd most sweet.

I hear thee still;
Thy echoes on my sad and lonely heart
Sound like sweet music from some distant hill,
And joys impart.

Play on, bright stream,
Nor cease to charm me with thy cooling showers,
That lulls me to a sweet delicious dream,
'Mid Cupid's bowers.

Most beautiful!
To visit thee when morning streaks the east,
Before the world's awakened from its dull
Unconscious rest.

And it is fair
To see thee ere the sun has ta'en his flight,
Thy forehead decked with gems and jewels rare,
And rainbows bright.

Then hundreds throng
Around thee, lovely fount! on thee to gaze,
And listen to thy water's lulling song,
And lisp thy praise.

Most lovely spot!
Thy pleasant walks and shady trees around,
Invites the mind, whose cares are soon forgot
In thy sweet sound.

At evening's hour,
When Cynthia's pale beams thy waters kiss,
I love then most to see thy silver shower,
Maid of the mist!

May 28, 1848.

TO LUCY.

Maid of my heart! the ideal of my muse!
  Love—beauty—genius—all in thee combine;
Then can'st thou wonder that my heart should choose,
  Fair Lucy, thee! when such rare gifts are thine?

Love—how it wakens in the human heart
  Emotions strong, and dreams of sweetest bliss;
I never knew the joys it could impart,
  Until I saw thy face, so fair to kiss.

Beauty—born of Heaven, 'tis a fearful boon,
  To tempt the heart from virtue's paths afar,
For often 'neath its 'luring glance is ruin,
  But thine, fair maid! is pure as heaven's star.

Genius—'tis a gem most beautiful and rare,
  And dwells in minds of high superior worth,
And ah! it's been thy happy lot to wear
  Its jewelled crown, fit emblem of thy birth.

Three noble gifts are thine, and each alone
  Is in itself a fortune to possess;
But had ne'er beauty, genius been thine own,
  But *only* love, would I esteem thee less?

Ah! never, noble lady! could I wrong
  Thy gentle heart with such a deed or thought,
But, ah! methinks my love would grow more strong
  Beneath misfortune, proving *change* is *naught.*

I've sung my lay, and if I've waked no spell
  Of love in thee, 'tis pleasure thus to woo,
And can but say at parting—fare-thee-well
  I love but one, and that, fair maid! is you.

May 29, 1848.

LIFE IS SHORT.

The child, whose days are innocence
And full of life is taken hence—
We feel this truth in every sense,
  Life is short.

The youth, whose heart is happiness
(For youth's the season of love's bliss),
Is ta'en away—how true it is,
  Life is short.

The man, whose mind is full of cares,
Should die amidst his hopes and fears,
How swift has sped away his years.
  Life is short.

The aged man with children blest,
Sinks to his final earthly rest—
His years are but a span, at best.
Life is short.

The longest that man ever lived,
When to the end he has arrived,
Looks back and cries, with spirit grieved,
"Life is short."

The longest day the year supplies,
Is gone ere we can realize:
So year on year as quickly flies—
Life is short.

If happiness is found on earth,
Seek it, man—and enjoy its worth—
Thy days are numbered from thy birth,
Life is short.

Mortal! if thou would'st gain Heaven,
Let thy soul to God be given—
Nor put off from morn to even.
Life is short.

Everything we see or hear,
Tell us plainly, death is near;
Then, mortal! to my song give ear,
Life is short.

June 5, 1848.

AN EVENING BY THE LAKE.

It was a lovely eve; the air was still,
And Dian hung her silver bow on high,
And in the distance rose each little hill,
Which looked like guardian spirits to the eye;
And thick were strewn the flowers of the sky,
That shed a genial beauty o'er the scene—
And liquid notes from songsters floated by,
Borne on the zephyr o'er the lake serene,
Whose lovely mirror glittered in the silver sheen.

1848.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT ON BEING REJECTED.

I love, but oh! I love in vain!
Her heart has from me coldly turned,
And left me like a barren plain
Where no oasis is discerned,
Where I might quench this ardent pain,
That in my breast for years hath burned.

I love in vain! but did she know
How I have loved her with devotion,

She would have ne'er reproved me so,
  Or bade me quell this wild emotion,
That but for her did only glow,
  And now I'm sad like troubled ocean.

I love in vain! but love shall be
  The beacon light to guide me on,
And when I'm tossed upon the sea
  Of life, I'll hail it as the one,
The only one that unto me
  Can cheer my heart, so sad and lone.

I love in vain! but may she ne'er,
  And since I cannot move her breast,
May some one else her blessings share,
  And make her heart the happiest,
I still will hold her ever dear,
  With love the purest and the best.

June 5, 1848.

SWEET MARY.

O tell me, have you ever seen
  A creature light and airy,
Of bonny eyes, and just sixteen,
  My beautiful sweet Mary?
O she is one of nature's gifts
  In form just like a fairy,
And you would laugh whene'er she lifts
  Her tiny feet, sweet Mary!

I dearly love to hear her laugh,
  Because she laughs so merry,
But, ah! I love much more to quaff
  Those lips of her's, so cherry—
For oh! if there is perfect bliss
  Within this world so dreary,
'Tis found in one delicious kiss
  Upon the lips of Mary.

O she is versed in ev'ry art
  That nature can bestow,
She has the sweetest, kindest heart,
  Of any one I know;
In dance or waltz, in play or song,
  She's called, "*My little Deary!*"
And no one then feels love more strong,
  Than when beside sweet Mary.

Alas! with sorrow I have thought,
  Amid her gayest mirth,
That her dear life might be less short
  Than is my own, on earth;
But ah! I never could forget
  With love, this sprite or fairy,
With tears her grave I'd ever wet,
  My beautiful, sweet Mary!

June 7, 1848.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

The merry heart that never knew
  A shadow or a shade,
Should feel the chilly breath of grief,
  In misery arrayed;
O, let it not think life is gone
  With all its joys forever,
There is a future bliss which bids
  It still hope on, hope ever.

If you have loved and find the one
  That you have loved alone,
Prove faithless to her given vow,
  Oh! think not bliss is gone;
But still let love (that sacred gift of God),

Desert thee never,
'Twill gain for thee a worthy heart,
If you hope on, hope ever.

If you have one desire in life
And that desire to gain,
" Screw courage to the sticking point,"
And you'll not toil in vain;
Though clouds around thy path may rise,
And friendship's ties dissever,
You'll surely gain the end at last,
If you hope on, hope ever.

If sickness lays thee on the bed
Of misery and pain,
And madness for awhile doth seem
To turn thy fevered brain,
O, don't despair, but courage take,
Amidst thy burning fever,
Death has not claimed thy body yet,
Cheer up, hope on, hope ever.

If you are on the ocean cast
And storms around you rise,
And lightning rends the atmosphere,
And thunder loudly cries,
O, pray to Him, the One above,
Who is our Lord and Giver,
Some unseen spirit may speak and bid
Thee yet hope on, hope ever.

If famine desolates the land,
  And threatens to destroy
The starved and wretched creatures
  Who no happiness enjoy,
O, let them trust in Providence,
  And patiently endeavor
To wait, for God may save them yet,
  If they hope on, hope ever.

If war's shrill trumpet breaks upon
  The land of bliss and rest,
And blood is spilled upon the plain
  For glory or conquest,
Look up to God alone for peace,
  For he deserts thee never,
And a voice will whisper in thine ear,
  "O man! hope on, hope ever."

June 7, 1848.

THOUGHTS WHILE GAZING ON POWER'S STATUE OF THE GREEK SLAVE.

O noble art! the sculptor here has wrought
A piece of beauty, chaste and simple too;
"The mirror up to nature" he has brought
So truthful, that it comes upon the view
As though a living being here he drew,

So perfect—that we doubt if 'twas the hand
Of mortal man, that chiselled it so true;
Immortal Powers! sure a magic wand
Could not have equalled this, which thy great genius plann'd.

Statue of beauty! man does not enough
Praise thy fair form and lineaments divine,
For think, O man! that from the marble rough
This beauty came, it was a great design;
And I can trace in ev'ry varied line
A master-hand, for only genius can form
An image true, as beautiful as thine—
You only need the breath to make thee warm,
Why wert thou not, fair slave, a living being born?

Man would have then adored thee, as he now
Doth love thee as a specimen of art;
To gaze upon thy pale and snowy brow,
And see thy hands in chains, doth move my heart,
I cannot, lovely one! from thee depart
Till I have drank thy beauty to my fill;
Must thou, Greek slave! unto the public mart
Be carried, and exposed to eyes until
Base gold shall buy thy form, to be a poor slave still?

O break thy chains! Greece dares not bind
thee fast—
I speak as though thou wert a being real,
There are some living who like thee are cast
In irons, and for them much pity feel;
Thy lips are closed and silent as a seal,
How gracefully thou lean'st on thy hand,
Creation of the mind, sweet *beau ideal!*
The admiration of the world thou'lt stand,
And give to genius' name, a fame throughout
the land.

June 9, 1848.

BROADWAY.

Broadway! thou great and mighty thorough-
fare,
Whose din is ever constant in my ear,
Where Fashion madly runs its wild career,
I love thy constant noisy voice to hear,
And gaze with strange delight upon the throng,
That daily pass thy thoroughfare along.

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,"
The crowd thy pathway ne'er deserted leave,
But one continual scene of noise and strife,
That animates and wakens thee to life:

At break of day, when cocks begin to crow,
The only time when quiet thou dost know;
And even then 'tis short, for see there reels
One who no doubt a little happy feels,
But mark his haggard eye, his tottering gait—
I dread to think upon his awful fate.
Is virtue thus forgotten, trodden down,
To let grim vice in triumph rise alone;
O shame on man, a sensual life to lead,
Health, honor, wealth, do suffer much indeed.

But see! the honest workman comes along,
And hark! the milkman sings his early song;
How happy they, oft poverty can buy
What riches cannot, and in vain may try;
True bliss is rare, but find it we all could
If we would be both virtuous and good.

The glorious sun is up, for see it shines
Across the street upon the window-blinds
And peers within a chamber dark and lone,
Where sleep lies heavy on a form full grown;
But by his side a tender, lovely form—
The faithful wife—so young and full of bloom,
Doth watch him with a calm anxiety,
Though sad her heart, and tears are in her eye;
They both were happy once, but now, alas!

There misery dwells—the offspring of the glass—
And yet she loves him now, and fondly, too;
Ah! woman, when was love ne'er found in you?

'Tis seven o'clock, with hurried steps they wend,
A motley crowd, all to one common end;
On making money, 'tis the merchant's joy,
Gold is his idol, his hobby and his toy.
The shops are oped, with day doth life begin,
Broadway resumes again its noisy din:
Though 'tis broad day, the gambler still is seen,
E'er ready at his post to cheat and win:
Each Peter Funk begins his artful snare,
And countrymen are duped, though unaware.

'Tis nearly noon, the literary gent,
With leisure steps upon his mission bent,
Is seen, and lo! his hand a roll contains—
The last production of his working brains;
And to some publisher his manuscript
Is handed, and bright dreams of glory flit
Across his mind, till expectation's raised,
Anxious to see it criticised and praised.

The "two shilling side" of Broadway now I ween
Presents a gay and animated scene;

A gaudy show of ladies dressed to death,
With little hats, and lovely faces 'neath,
That make the heart go pit-a-pat awhile,
For love when kindled doth the heart beguile.

The " Upper Ten " in carriages by scores,
Are seen to stop at Beck's and Stewart's stores,
Where, having drained their husbands' pockets well,
Don't care as long as they can cut " a swell " ;
" 'Tis fashionable," say they, " and things are cheap,
Money is made to spend, and not to keep."
Ah! how feel they when fortune's at an end—
Then money's made to keep, and not to spend.

'Tis five o'clock, the fashionable hour,
When fashion shows its splendor, pomp and power;
The *belles of Gotham* rich in dress and flattery,
From Union Park down to the Battery,
Are seen to promenade for health or show,
To enjoy the exercise or catch a beau.

But hark, the City Hall—one, two, three—strikes,
And soon are seen the votaries of Sikes;
And fighting Mo-sè, following Sikesy up,

When at the fire, 'tis "*Sikesy take de butt:*"
The urchins giggle, and the rowdies smile,
And imitating Mose, must fight or "*spile.*"

'Tis evening and the shops are all ablaze,
The eye is dazzled by their brilliant rays,
A constant stream of people upward flow,
And rich and poor are jostled as they go,
All seeming homeward bent—some to remain—
Whilst others (greater part), go forth again,
To parties, theatre, billiards and the like,
'Till midnight—when the solemn bell will strike,
And the great thoroughfare shall cease to beat
With hum of voices and the tread of feet:
The same routine to-morrow thou'lt repeat,
And so I leave thee here, O glorious street!
Whilst thou in quietude and stillness lay,
The city's pride, magnificent Broadway!

July 13, 1848.

A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

The country was not far;
Sweet rural sounds and sights, so mingled came,
Soliciting communion with its charms,
That I was 'lured from out the vicious town,
To taste awhile the pleasures nature gives.
I sat me down upon a mossy stone,

There 'neath my feet the ground was carpeted
With verdure of a bright and lively hue;
And not far distant, o'er a pebbly bed,
A limpid stream was murmuring the while;
I raised my eyes, and lo! a landscape fair
Of brilliant dyes and beauty unsurpassed,
That none but nature could have painted it:
If in the arts the artist would excel,
O let him ever study nature well.

It was the prime of Summer—in the west
Lay the day-god upon the eve of rest,
And oh! he looked so beautiful, that e'en
The heart that had no love for the ideal,
Would throb with rapture at the lovely scene:
The rolling clouds like smoke in volumes spanned
The bright horizon far, and on their breasts
Glowed the bright tints that nature ever paints;
The verdant hills did glitter, and the vales
Teeming with golden fruit of luscious taste,
Were flooded with the rosy sunset hues,
That bathed the living scene in smiles of love.
Most beautiful, for nature never showed
A sweeter page from her unrivalled book:
The melody of music floated near
On winds of gentle breath, so redolent,
That kisses from the lips of Beauty's mouth
Were not so sweet.

A dream could not have made
Me feel such bliss this summer landscape gave,
And oh! if earthly happiness there is,
It is 'mid rural sounds and sights *alone.*
I know not how, but gentle sleep had stroked
Its wands upon my lids, and when I woke
The scene was greatly changed. No more the soft
And dreamy atmosphere of day's decline,
But shadows were upon the earth, and night
Within her dusky car, was riding o'er
The woods and fields.

And one by one the stars
Peeped forth and trembled in their crystal spheres:
Soft floating whispers breathed upon the air,
And as I turned my steps toward my home,
Within the city of much vice and sin,
I heard the Vesper hymn, and merry voice
Of childhood, from a group where innocence
Is only known and felt, and then I wished
That I might live and die a country swain.

July 15, 1848.

A SERENADE.

The hour has come, sweet love!
  Awake, awake!
The moon is shining, love!
  Upon the lake.
Then listen, dearest maid!
To love's sweet serenade.

The stars are forth, my love!
  Like angels bright;
And O, methinks they shine
  For thee, to-night.
Then banish sleep away,
And list, love! to my lay.

My heart is glad, my love!
  For thee alone,
But 'twill be sad, my love!
  When thou art gone.
Then stay, sweet love! awhile,
I live but in thy smile.

Remember me, my love!
  When far away;
I'll think of thee, my love!
  Both night and day.
May slumber soft and light,
Be with thee, love! good night!

July 16, 1848.

THE BALL—A DREAM.

Addressed to the Contributors of the "Flag of Our Union," a literary weekly paper.

'Twas summer when fair Nature was in bloom,
I sat one day alone within my room,
Beside an open window, where the breeze
Sang me to sleep in sighing through the trees;
And so in Morpheus' arms my form was cast,
I calmly slept as though it was my last;
And then I dreamed.
Methought I stood alone,
Within a room of vast and wondrous size;
And brilliant were the lights that round me shone,
And all was still and silent as the skies.
But presently a note, so soft and sweet,
Came to my heart, which made it throb and beat;
And still another came, and still again,
And louder, sweeter, each succeeding strain.
I looked above, and lo! a minstrel band
Was playing in a high and open stand.
A bustling noise soon drew my eyes from thence,
And as I looked, I saw a crowd immense,
A mighty throng of ladies young and gay,
And gentlemen who seemed as glad as they.
I had no time to note them, for each one

Took partners soon, and then the dance begun.
What merry couple leads the giddy dance?
'Tis Ned and Carra, lovers of romance!
Fair Emma is a match for Ned, I ween,
Ah! not in love, but writing tales I mean.
The muse now hails with pleasure that fair youth,
Green Mountain Bard, who writes with force and truth,
And peerless Ida, gifted with such charms
Of beauty, genius, and a heart that warms
The sternest breast with her rich, melting lays,
But my weak voice can scarcely lisp her praise;
Loved Ida and Green Mountain, ye alone
Are destined yet to sit on glory's throne.
Now Curtis Hine and Mina quick behind,
Advance with smiles, as if by love struck blind;
Soon follow Edgar N—— and pretty Kate
Then Soughegan and Almira with quick gait;
Which much surprised me, since what had been written,
For Soughegan had given her the *mitten*.
Sweet Lizzie and young Harry Longcliffe hop,
He does it well, who wrote the "Dewdrop";
Then Irvin and fair Nivri; which one first?
Why, both's the same, for see, the name's reversed;
His "Tribute to Genius" fairly shows

That true poetic genius in him glows;
With him fair Constance—whom " 'tis sweet to
know,"
One smile of hers will make the young heart
glow—
Now feels delight, as she his form surveys;
Blest maid! may nothing cloud thy " early
days."
But who is he that seems in such a hurry?
Why let me see, ah! 'tis Lieutenant Murray;
How trim he looks, and ready for a whirl;
But who has he? 'tis Laura, pretty girl!
He pays her all attention, and I'll bet
He takes her for his heroine Rosalette.
See Wallace Shaw and Lorimer both glide
Along with Misses Brocksbank side by side;
Sweet Lydia looks on Lorimer with awe
Whilst Lucy to Wallace, says " O psha! " (Shaw)
" Dear Flora! queen of flowers, why so sad?
Does not Aurelius make thy pure heart glad? "
" He might, but then his modesty doth make
Him so reserved, my hand he dare not take."
" O, don't despair, but wait a little while,
Why, now he dances, Flora, and you smile."
Ah! here comes two quite high in laughter's
strife,
Geo. W. A., who truly knows what's " life " ;
Upon his arm hangs Isabel, and naught

Is in her eyes but humor and good sport.
They look so happy, that why I dare not ask,
Lest I might mar the sun in which they bask.

Now many more—O Pegasus! my nag
Is tired—whose names have graced the glorious
Flag.
Were all assembled there, as free as ocean,
And danced the very "poetry of motion";
Now as I gazed upon this happy sight,
Where many hearts were filled with pure delight,
I heard a loud shout that went up from the sky,
And turning around to see whence it came,
The *Flag of our Union* was waving on high,
The emblem of liberty, honor and fame;
I took off my hat, and amid the gay dance,
I gave a loud shout and awoke from my trance.

July 25, 1848.

THE COUNTRY LASS.

(After Byron's "Girl of Cadiz.")

Oh! never talk again, I pray,
Of city maids of high-born class,
I'm sure your eyes did ne'er survey
The pure and simple country lass;
Although her eyes are not of jet,

Or dark, as city-belles, her hair,
Yet, oh! you never can forget
The sweet expressive hue they wear.

Ethereal-like, her Maker made
The light that from those soft blue eyes,
In mildest beauty round her played,
Creating love that never dies—
And as along her heaving breast
Her flaxen ringlets gently part,
You'd swear each flowing curl expressed
A wish to tell what's in her heart.

Our city girls are hard to win,
And cold and heartless when they're thine,
Deceit is sure to be their sin,
Although they promise love divine;
But born beneath a luckier star—
For Providence is manifold—
And who when won, is merrier far
Than the country lass of nature's mould?

The country lass is no mere flirt,
Nor laughs at unsuccessful lovers—
Though thousands to her love assert,
Yet her true heart but one discovers,
And then not Astor's wealth can buy
Her love, that beats with deep emotion,
And rather yield to gold—will die,
Than render up her heart's devotion.

The rural swain that asks her hand,
  She never trifles if she needs him,
Her chiefest care is to command
  Her own respect, and so she weds him:
When any dare dispute her love,
  She's up in arms to vindicate—
And should her lover falsely prove,
  She pines to an untimely fate.

And when beneath her cottage dome,
  She's happy in her humble lot,
Or sings her song of "*Home, sweet home!*"
  When far from her dear native cot;
Or with her lover she is seen
  To stray where nature breathes romance,
Or when upon the village green,
  She mingles in the rustic dance.

In each her charms appear to glad
  The coldest heart with love sincere.
Then let not maids who never had
  A form like her's, wish it less fair:
Though many a maid 'tis mine to see,
  As o'er this lovely earth I pass,
Yet none may seem so fair to me,
  As the pure and simple country lass.

July 29, 1848.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

(After Byron's "She walks in Beauty.")

She sings in beauty, like the bird
  Of sunny lands and cloudless skies;
And every note so sweetly heard,
  Seems like love glancing from her eyes;
Thus ripened to a love that stirred
  The heart of Eve in Paradise.

One higher note, one softer tone,
  Had near destroyed the peerless touch
Which floats in every breath alone,
  Enhancing its own sweetness much;
Where every beauty sweetly shone,
  How chaste, how rich a song is such.

And from that mouth, and o'er those lips
  So fair, so rosy with love's glow,
The hues that burn, the breath that sips,
  But tell where melody doth flow;
A heart around which music drips,
  A soul too pure for earth below.

July 29, 1848.

THE COUNTRY.

The city may afford to some
  Enjoyment in its noisy strife,
But let me o'er the green fields roam,
  Where I can lead a country life:
The poorest cot along the road,
  Contains to me more happiness,
Than all the city can afford
  With its rich splendid palaces.

I love to breathe the country air,
  And see the whole of Nature's face,
For ah! my spirit cannot bear
  To be pent up in a city place,
Where heat and din, and smoky breath,
  Where pestilence and vice abound;
Ah! give me liberty, beneath
  The sky where rural sights are found.

The country! ah, the very name
  A thousand pleasures ever wakes;
My heart now longs to share the same,
  With her alone for whom it aches;
But if it cannot taste her bliss,
  Yet still in thought 'twill share a part,
Methinks e'en now her zephyrs kiss
  My brow, and fills with joy my heart.

To hear the nightingale's clear note,
  To catch the murmur of the rill,
To sail within some tiny boat
  By moonlight, when the earth is still:
To wander through the shady wood,
  Perchance where some fair beauty lives,
And to indulge in solitude,
  These are the joys the country gives.

And would you not exchange the gay
  And dissipated town for these,
Where you at liberty can stray,
  And take your fill of joy and ease?
The city may afford to some,
  Enjoyment in its noisy strife,
Yet let me o'er the green fields roam,
  Where I can lead a happy life.

July 30, 1848.

ODE TO AUGUST.

Oh! hail thou month of glories bright,
  Of thunder, lightning, calm and heat,
The farmer hails thee with delight,
  Rewarder of his toil and sweat;
O happy man! who sees each day
Has not been vainly thrown away,
  In toil and labor, hard and just;

Then hail, thou harvest month, though hot,
Amid thy joys the heat's forgot,
  Right welcome, bright August!

Though of the summer months thou art
  The last—yet thou art not the least;
Sweet June may scatter o'er the heart
  New pleasures, and July may feast
The eye with landscape beautiful,
Yet August warm thou art not dull;
  Thou too canst boast of many treasures,
Rich, luscious fruit and ripened grain,
Wild flowers and refreshing rain;
  Who would not taste thy pleasures?

O man! thou art like summer's joys,
  For August cannot last forever,
Ye who'd escape the city's noise,
  Seek Nature, you'll regret it never;
The country is the only place
To find pure happiness and peace—
  Then in her bosom rusticate,
And taste the pleasures August gives,
Behold your God in nature lives
  Who did this world create.

O list! what sounds now fill the air?
  The bees and insects buzz about,

The merry reaper's voice we hear,
  And birds from out the woodlands shout;
Though long the days, and great the heat,
These rural sounds are very sweet—
  But days and heat will soon decrease,
For Autumn pale will show its form,
Then August bright and Summer warm
  Will at the same time cease.

August 1, 1848.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

(After Byron's "I Saw Thee Weep.")

I saw thee sleep—a sweet repose
  Breathed from that face of heaven;
And then methought upon it rose
  The sunset glow of even:
I saw thee dream—thy face divine
  Betrayed the blissful heart;
E'en Venus by thee ceased to shine,
  So beautiful thou art.

As God in yonder sky can place
  A bow of colors bright,
Which scarce Sol's absence can erase,
  Or banish from the sight:

That face the wretched breast can start
With joy, and bid love shine;
Its beauty leaves upon the heart
A dream of bliss divine.

September 5, 1848.

OUR DAYS OF LOVE.

Our days of love are days of bliss,
To love is each one's duty,
I'd rather taste affection's kiss,
Than be possessed with beauty;
Though beauty's rare,
'Tis not so dear,
As the joy the heart can move—
For there is bliss,
In a fervent kiss,
When ta'en in our days of love.

Our days of love! how sweet they are,
We dwell in a world apart,
And isolated like the star,
Our joys are of the heart:
Love's happy voice
Does then rejoice,
Still lingering when 'tis flown;
Like flowers that shed
Their sweets when dead,
Though their beauty all is gone.

Our days of love are like a dream,
  Of happiness above,
For Heaven before our eyes doth beam,
  In bliss, since " God is Love " ;
    And when our trance
    Of love's romance,
  Is o'er—then realize;
    Our hearts will prove
    Our days of love,
  Were days of Paradise.

September 5, 1848.

THE MOON, THE WIND, AND THE RIVER.

AN ALLEGORY.

The full round moon was once shining bright
  On a small and clear placid river,
And felt quite elated at the fair sight
  To see herself there gently quiver;
" I wish," murmured she, " I could shine every night,
  I might then see my fair self forever."
Just then the Wind moved the still waters clear,
But the Moon could not see its bright image there.

"Rude Wind!" spoke the Moon, "unwelcome thou art,
There's destruction upon thy swift wings,
Thou hast ruffled the River, and well could we part,
With a thing that no good with it brings—
Then away to old ocean, thy revels there start,
He will dance while thy voice loudly sings."
"Vain Moon! thou art envious"—the Wind quick replied,
And he breathed the more roughly her image to hide.

From the River there came a sweet rippling song,
As it heaved like a young maiden's breast,
Though the Moon felt the Wind had done her much wrong,
She sought him no more to molest;
But the words that escaped from the waters among,
Put the Moon and the Wind quite at rest.
"I like ye well both, fair Moon and swift Wind,
Ye both give me beauty, and in each pleasure find.

"When the Empress of Night robes my bosom in sheen,

I am courted by music and love—
When the sun all the day o'er my surface hath been,
At night the Winds over it move."
Just then a black cloud o'er the Heavens serene,
Made it dark both below and above,
And the Wind o'er the hills murmured forth in its flight,
"Just so life—'tis contention, shadow, and light."

September 5, 1848.

LOVE.

Love! it is the air of Heaven,
And the breath of God,
Unto mortals it was given,
Source of every good.

It doth grow in ev'ry clime,
In each heart of peace,
And its birth began with Time,
And with Time 'twill cease.

'Tis a rare exquisite flower,
Blooming in the heart;
'Tis a flame of burning power,
That a breath can start.

'Tis a rich and peerless gem,
  Worth a mine of gold,
Fragile as the flowret's stem
  Cast in beauty's mould.

'Tis the ideal of the heart,
  Fount of earthly bliss;
And new pleasures can impart
  In affection's kiss.

'Tis as deep as is the sea,
  Boundless as the sky,
Endless as eternity—
  It will never die.

'Tis ardent as the fire that glows
  In Ætna's burning breast,
And like a peaceful river, flows
  Through scenes in beauty drest.

'Tis sweeter than the rose by far,
  More bright than sunset's glow,
And more steadfast than the star,
  Purer than the snow.

'Tis fair beauty's self—'tis seen
  In ev'ry modest blush,
And in eyes of dazzling sheen
  Where sympathy doth gush.

'Tis a bird of loneliness
  Seeking for a mate,
Ever restless—'till success
  Smiles upon its fate.

'Tis a sweet delicious strain,
  An exquisite dream;
'Tis a balm to ev'ry pain—
  'Tis the poet's theme.

It is found where princes reign—
  By the poor man's door,
But only then when hearts remain
  Virtuous and pure.

'Tis a chain of golden worth,
  Binding hearts that's riven—
It will fit the soul on earth
  To secure high heaven.

September 9, 1848.

POETRY.

When first this world was formed and laid,
A language beautiful was made,
  That lisped in sweetest numbers:
Sweet Poetry * was its beauteous name,
Which dull tame prose excels in vain,
  Since beauty in it slumbers.

Look forth—around—below—above,
And let your eye o'er Nature rove,
  What spirit moves in thee?
Imagination in you glows,
The muse awakes, and language flows
  In strains of poetry.

Poetry is language sweet—
Made musical by measured feet,
  'Neath genius' own control—
'Tis passion, breathed in fancy's flight—
'Tis music, yielding sweet delight,
  That melts upon the soul.

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* "Poetry is the oldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. It was the first fixed form of language, the earliest perpetuation of thought; it existed before prose in history, before music in melody, before painting in description, and before sculpture in imagery."—*Montgomery's Lectures on General Literature.*

Wrapped in a dreamy atmosphere,
Where beings spiritual appear,
  And fancy holds her reign—
The poet lives; his songs rehearse,
And spins and weaves his golden verse
  In an immortal strain.

There's poetry in every mind
Whose thoughts and feelings are refined;
  It purifies each thought—
It elevates the soul above
The earth, and fills the heart with love,
  And with real bliss 'tis fraught.

A blush—a sigh—a kiss—a glance—
Love—beauty—genius and romance—
  Affection's smile and melody,
A dream of heaven—a ray of light—
The stars—the wind—the stream—the night,
  Are full of poetry.

It is the soul of being—Life—
With beauty—genius—bliss, 'tis rife;
  The very air we breathe
Is full of poetry, and gives
A fame to Genius that survives
  The sepulchre of death.

September 10, 1848.

LINES TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Though you and I are far apart,
  Both toiling with a good intent—
Oft memory to my aching heart,
  Recalls the happy days we've spent.

Though absence makes us oft forget,
  (And distance too may add its mite,)
To me true friendship seems to get
  More faith—when friends are out of sight.

Since last we parted I have known
  Life's gloomy shade and bright sunshine;
One moment joy has on me shone,
  The next in misery I pine.

That joy is love—that misery's hate—
  The first is woman's—man's the last —
And by them both I'll seal my fate;
  'Tis best to die when bliss is past.

My youth has fled, and with it bliss,
  My manhood's come and with it care,
The first's a season that we miss—
  The last's a season that we fear.

Yet, Edward, thou hast still some joy,
  Thy youthful days are not all fled;
Oh! would I were again a boy,
  That I a happy life might lead.

Doomed to a city life, I long
  To dwell in some sweet rural scene,
Like thy own happy home, among
  Famed Berkshire's hills and valleys green.

I do not fear to buffet life,
  With woman's love to lead me on,
I know we pass through much of strife,
  Before the goal of bliss is won.

Fear trampled down forever dies,
  No heart by it can e'er be blest,
But hope—oft' withered, again will rise,
  Spontaneous in the human breast.

Friend of my youth! awhile, adieu!
  The time has come thou should'st be here,
Then hasten, Edward! to renew
  The friendship that we hold so dear.

September 16, 1848.

OCTOBER.

Delightful month! the twilight of the year,
  When Nature, like a calm, expiring day,
Gilds the sweet landscape with a splendor rare,
  Excelling gentle spring or summer gay;
And spreads a pensive beauty far more fair
  Than June—though autumn's smiling in decay,
For like consumption in a beauty's face,
Looks lovelier than June with all her grace.

Beautiful month! in every hue arrayed,
  The painter well may wish to imitate
The soft gradation of the tint and shade,
  That marks the forests in their leafy state,
As they into a russet color fade:
  Then most do poets love to contemplate
Their varied beauty, and philosophers
Like poets, too, become thy worshippers.

Melancholy month! ah, why? The falling leaf
  Reminds us of the fate of Adam's fall;
And breezes moan that fill our hearts with grief,
  And cast upon our thoughts a sombre pall
Like that of death. The circling year so brief

Is the type of life, for death's the lot of all;
October! though thou hast not summer's glow,
Yet thou art "lovely in thine age of woe."

Merry month! ah, yes—for woodlands ring
With buxom girls and mirth-provoking boys;
Who, happy in their hearts, are gathering
Ripe fruits and nuts amid much glee and noise;
Not summer bright or even smiling spring,
Can show such stores of wealth or golden joys;
October! month of beauty, grief and cheer,
Farewell! thou pride of autumn and the year.

September 23, 1848.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Morn rose, like Hebe, fresh and fair,
And nature smiled and kissed the air;
An old man slept beneath a tree,
And laughed as he dreamed of infancy—
A prattling child before him played,
In innocence and bliss arrayed.

Noon glowed like beauty smiling through
A tender glance from eyes of blue;
He still dreams on—that laugh became

A youthful smile—Love was its name;
A youth and maiden walked alone,
And health and beauty round them shone.

Eve came like winter blustering loud,
Wrapt in a dark and gloomy shroud;
He's dreaming yet—of manhood's years,
That smile becomes a "vale of tears";—
Man's schemes, like bubbles, melt in air:—
Ah! age of woe, and grief, and care.

Night closed, like gentle words that come
When anger's gone, dispelling gloom;
Old age brought bliss and calm repose,
Reviving childhood ere life's close:
His vision's o'er—he wakes and cries,
"My dream is true!" and happy dies.

September 25, 1848.

THE WITCH OF DUNDERBERG.

A Legend of the Hudson.

Where Hudson, lovely river! flows
Through mountains, on whose heights repose
A wild sublimity, that swells
The soul of man like organ peals,
There dwelt a witch in times of yore,
On Dunderberg by Caldwell's shore,

Before America's great war
Had made it classic with the deeds
Of chivalry and love, that sheds
A halo round Columbia's name,
Her pride—her glory—and her fame.

And *she* was in her glorious prime,
But shattered by the wreck of time,
And lightning flashed from out her eyes,
That looked on man but to despise.
Her face was dark as sombre night,
For woe had left its withering blight,
But, ah! there was a lingering trace
Of beauty still upon her face,
A beauty that the world might own,
Once glowed in Venus' face alone.
And when she wept, her grief so wild
Became as docile as a child,
And passion like a raving fire,
Seemed faint—as ready to expire;
And who she was, or whence she came,
None knew—or had been told her name;
But maids would seek her, young and old,
To have their fortunes by her told.

One stormy night within her cave
She sat: a stranger came to crave
A lodging for herself alone,

Poor—hungry—friendless and unknown:
The mountain-witch shrank back apace,
To gaze on such a lovely face,
'Twas like a flower too rare to cull,
So eloquent and beautiful.
She hesitated not, but bade
Her enter, and before her laid
A rich repast. The lady then
Was told she was in a witch's den,
At which her ebon eyes grew bright,
And her face sparkled with delight.
" O then my fortune you can tell!
Say—where is he I love so well? "
" You love? but, ah! I'm not surprised,
For beauty's ever victimized:
Look on me—see the wreck of one,
Whose beauty dazzled like the sun,
Then can you wonder at my fate,
I loved, and joined myself to hate,
'Twas passion in its purest state.
I deemed him man, but proved instead
A fiend—he ruined me—then he fled.
In man can woman put her trust?
Ah! no, he'll sell his name for lust."
" Good God! you tell my very tale,
My Jacques proved so." The witch grew pale,
She started at the very name.
" His other? "—" Sextus! "—" 'Tis the same—

Your husband's mine, wretch, were he here,
His heart from out his breast I'd tear."
Just then her keen attentive ear
Heard voices, then a footstep near—
And on a sudden inward flew
A man, though altered well she knew.
Alas! the stranger knew her not,
Or else he would have left the spot.
"O save me!" tremblingly he cried,
"They come—they come, where shall I hide?"
A bitter smile of triumph rose
Upon her face, for well she knows
The moment of revenge is nigh,
'Twas sweet she thought to see him die:
A fiendish laugh was her reply,
Then like a fury on him sprung,
And soon her yells the cavern rung.
When woman's wronged, and love has fled,
Then man may well her anger dread.
"False Jacques!" she cried, "your Inez see,
You ruined me, but your life shall be
The forfeit of your villainy."
He struggled—vain—so light to bear,
He seemed to her a thing of air;
She bore him through the stormy night,
Unto a steep and rocky height,
Then hurled him—standing on the brim;
But, ah! he drew her after him,

And both fell down on Hudson's wave,
And met the same sad watery grave.
The beauteous stranger all the while
Had followed them without a smile,
Saw both from off the dizzy steep,
Together fall on Hudson's deep.
" And he is gone," she wept and said,
" Why should I live, when joy has fled?
I'll share his fate, and God forgive
That I no longer wish to live."
She stepped upon the brink—looked o'er,
Then leaped and sank to rise no more.
And thus for love die many such;
O woman! trust not man too much.
And after this, 'tis said for many a year,
Upon this lofty height there did appear
At night, two weeping women sad and pale,
Complaining with a bitter voice of wail,
And then the waves would strangely boil and hiss
Beneath this steep and rocky precipice,
Until the sun rose in the dappled east,
When the phantoms fled and the boiling ceased.

September 30, 1848.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Have you e'er gazed upon a sunset scene,
Portrayed upon the canvas or the sky,
By God or man (though nature's best I ween),
And lovely ones you've seen—you'll not deny?
You then but have a faint i-de-alty
Of Venus and her charms, for her fair face
Was beauty's self, a sweet divinity!
Glowing with such rare loveliness and grace,
That she was worshipped oft, in every town and place.

She oft is painted in her chariot drawn
Along by doves, and "heralds of the Spring," *
And by her side stands Cupid as when born,
And round her brow roses and myrtles cling:
Apelles though a sweeter charm did fling
Around her, when he represented her
Just rising from the sea, a lovely thing!
That every limb and muscle seemed to stir
With animation's glow, so true to life they were.

Beautiful goddess! her lineage and birth
We can but ask mythology to tell:

* Swallows.

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Near Cypress, from the sea, and not the earth,
She sprang, and thence was wafted like a spell
By Zephyrs up to Heaven, there to dwell,
Where Gods became enamoured of her so,
That warlike Mars, who pleased with her so well,
Dishonored her, and seen by God Apollo,
By Vulcan was exposed in Heaven like a show.

Oh! she had many lovers false and true,
But there was one she loved more than the rest,
'Twas young Adonis, famed for beauty too,
Who loved to hunt, and daily chase the beast,
Unmindful of his mistress's behest,
Who fearing for his safety, would entreat
Him to desist—but naught could move his breast;
At last one day whilst hunting, chanced to meet
A boar, in wounding which he paid his life's forfeit.

Her grief was inconsolable—she wept
Until from Proserpine she did obtain
A promise that for six months he'd be kept
On earth—the rest in Hades he'd remain;
In summer time to Venus he'd be ta'en,
But when the sad and dying year would come,

To Proserpine would go, and then in vain
Venus would mourn, 'till he's restored to bloom,
And thus to weep and joy would be her yearly doom.

The visits of Adonis every year,
Were emblematical of the return
Of winter and of summer, and the care
The Grecians took to celebrate and mourn
His death, was on the first day sad and stern;
But on the morrow joy and mirth prevail,
And every heart with happy feelings burn
For his own resurrection's fabled tale;
And thus to Venus' favorite, was paid this festival.

October 1, 1848.

TO A RURAL BARD.

Far away
From the deep haunts of nature comes thy lay;
Like a bird,
Singing sweet melody in every word.

When alone,
And the dull world to me hath weary grown,
Then I turn
To thy sweet verse, and goodness from it learn.

Bard divine!
Toil on—thy path is clear, for fame is thine:
Silence must
Not hang upon thy lips 'till thou art dust.

Even then
The spirit of thy muse shall live again;
Genius' mind
Will ever leave a monument behind.

Tell me, Bard!
What thou dost wish for most as thy reward?
Love or fame?
The world's approval or an empty name?

Happy they
Who never toil up glory's rugged way;
One dear soul
To love, is better than fame's dear-bought goal.

Sweet to me
The moments when I breathe forth poetry,
For it brings
Me nearer to that world where thy muse sings.

Bard, farewell!
Among thy mountains green I fain would dwell;
'Twould awake,
Methinks, in me, such songs as thou dost make.

October 29, 1848.

THE PARTING—A FRAGMENT.

There's naught on earth so moves the human
heart
Into a sad regret, as when the one
We love the most on earth is from us gone;
Perchance to meet no more, save in the hope
That Heaven has promised those, whose acts are
good,
A home with her.

A youth and maiden walked
At twilight, and their hearts were but as one;
Upon the face of her there was a trace
Of that which wakens love, for beauty had
Upon her lit, and smiling left its mark.
From her blue eyes there came a witching glance,
That lingered like a tender spoken word,
And on her cheeks, where health and freshness
glowed,
A merry laugh would often wake to life,
As if it loved to play in dimples there.
But now a sadness—like the twilight shade—
Fell on her merry heart, and dimmed her joy;
For he whose arms now circled her fair waist,
Would soon to distant climes be borne alone.
And, oh! she loved him with a woman's love,
That their sad parting on her tender heart

Would fall like frost (that nips the young May
flowers),
Untimely, on the spring-time of her heart,
And blight it till it withered, drooped and died.

They wandered to a lovely river's brink,
And as they conversed in love's language sweet,
Night in her sable robes, with Cynthia pale,
Stole on apace, and kindled in the skies
Those steadfast lights that burn like faithful
love,
And by those orbs they pledged affection's vow,
And sealed it with a kiss.

The time had come
The sad farewell to say, and, oh! 'twas hard
For two such souls to separate their bliss—
More poignant than the shaft of death itself.
"*God bless you*" from his lips fell as he sprang
Into the boat, and pushing from the shore,
He waved his hand, and murmured Love's adieu.
She watched him, as the prisoner the last
Faint ray of closing day within his cell,
And then she wept as though her heart would
break.

November 5, 1848.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Lo! the year's expiring,
  Soon 'twill pass away,
My young heart is sighing
  For the earth's decay;
    Breezes moan,
    And I am lone,
    Like a tone
    Forev'r flown:—
  Leaves are falling,
How the wind in playful mirth,
Scatters them upon the earth;
    See they whirl,
    Like the curl
    Of a girl,
When dishevelled by the wind.

Faded beauties! how ye change;
  Thoughts enthralling
With a melancholy strange,
  And imparting to the mind
  Life how perishable is.
    Like the leaf,
Man must fall and fade and rot,
And with death must be forgot:
    It is wise

For the dying year so brief,
Thus to roll,
Though 'tis sicklied o'er with grief,
'Tis a lesson to the soul,
To prepare itself for God,
Whose mysteries we cannot probe:
Autumn leaves are death's own robe.

November 6, 1848.

TO MARY.

I wish I were the happy thought
That rises in thy beauteous mind,
By thee I'd never be forgot,
But dwell in feelings most refined;
For like the bird,
Each joyous word,
I'd nestle as she doth her young;
And laugh and sing,
Like a happy thing,
That had its birth where angels sung.

I would I were the dreams that steep
Thy lovely eyes into repose,
How beautiful is such a sleep
That only bliss and beauty knows;
I'd never wake,
For bliss's sake,

But rest upon thy beauteous face,
Like dew at morn,
That lies alone,
Within the rose's sweet embrace.

I would I were the modest blush,
That glows upon thy burning cheek,
I'd kiss its hue, and feel the gush
Of happiness no tongue can speak—
No other lip,
Should ever sip,
The sweets that like the honey taste;
For fresh and fair,
That blush so dear,
I'd keep pure, undefiled and chaste.

I wish I dwelt within your heart,
So pure, so holy and so true,
I'd feel the joys that love doth start,
A love that queens might envy you.
I'd wish no more,
But live secure,
In such a sweet and sacred spot;
For I could rest
Forever blest,
To know that I am unforgot.

November 9, 1848.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn pale! with looks forlorn,
  Like poverty unblessed with happiness,
For every leaf and floweret is torn,
  By thy most ruthless hands in sad distress;
To fade as like the lingering hope that fires
The dying soul a moment, then expires.

Thou springest, dying season! into birth,
  With misty fogs and chilly damps to check
    The revelry of mirth,
      And desolate
    Fair mother earth,
  Into a shattered wreck:
But thou art beautiful as ever fate,
  Smiled in its victim's face,
For weeping, like consumption in the form
Of a young Venus, when the heart is warm,
  Forsaken by a faithless love,
Thou causest tender sympathies to move;
    Enhanced the more,
  Since melancholy beauties 'round thee lay,
    In loveliest decay—
  Thy leaves with thousand hues all tinted o'er:
    Mourning like Niobe of old,
      Childless—with love unblest,

Affection's nature thus to weep and wish
Her idol to her breast.

But see, the chilly gale,
Assumes a temper wild,
And whirls thy scattered leaves that lie at rest,
In eddies o'er the pathway and the stream,
And down they sail,
And vanish like a dream.

The skies are weeping with a sombre gray,
And like a spirit from the tomb,
Thou sittest, Autumn! 'mid the gloom—
Chanting life's dirge, "Earth's passing away."
And it is borne upon the air,
And marked in every place,
For thou dost sigh it everywhere,
And show it in thy face.
Then listen, man! spurn not nor be thou deaf,
In nature there is wisdom, and the voice
Of Autumn drear, so sad and full of grief,
Does teach the weary soul if 'twould rejoice,
In its immortal glory to awake;
For, oh! there is to every soul a fate,
And heaven can only make
That future unto man a happy state:
For as flowers disappear,
In the autumn of the year,

So do they again revive,
In the spring with beauty new,
And our souls likewise do live,
After death has claimed them too.
But farewell, Autumn! saddest of the year,
Thou threshold of relentless winter stern,
Whose elements do war in endless strife,
Farewell! thou emblem of the grave and urn—
Farewell! thou prelude to immortal life.

November 29, 1848.

HUDSON RIVER.

River of Beauty! gliding like a sprite
So noiselessly away to ocean's brine;
Upon thy banks I linger with delight,
And marvel if the famed and lovely Rhine,
With its traditions strange and clustering vine,
Possesses half the grace and grandeur wild
That with eternity thy hills combine—
Where dwells Romance, and Love and Beauty's child,
That oft the weary soul, with happiness hath guiled.

River of Love! like famed Castalia's spring,
That inspired those who drank its waters clear,

To feel the muse and into numbers sing;
So thou, Romantic River! far more dear,
Dost waken love, impassioned and sincere,
When walking with the heart's ideal among
Thy Highland cliffs, in summer's noon-tide glare,
Or moonlight on thy waters, cheered by song,
Fit hour for hearts to woo, when love is doubly strong.

River of Romance! what happiness is thine
To flow through nature's scenes so richly dressed,
Hugging gigantic mountains of the pine,*
That rear their summits in the rosy west;
And glassing on thy smooth pellucid breast,
High lofty works, † thy great and glorious pride,
That Atheists would change and make them blest;
And stretching twice thy arms, ‡ extended wide,
Pass rocks, § town, ‖ isles, ¶ and fort, ** till lost in Neptune's tide.

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* Catskill. † Highlands. ‡ Haverstraw and Tappan Bays. § Palisades. ‖ New York City. ¶ Governor and Bedlow. ** Hamilton.

River of Grandeur! how sublimely rise
Cro' Nest and Butter Hill, blent with thy
fame,
Forever upward pointing to the skies,
Teaching the soul toward Heaven to aim—
And eloquently speaking when the flame
Of God's bright eye illumes them, and the roll
Of his deep voice in thunder shakes their
frame;
In calm or storm thou dost the heart control,
Flow on, Immortal River! type of the Maker's
soul.

December 10, 1848.

SONG OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR.

I spring to life with a frigid look,
But with a heart that joy imparts,
I ope my book—
With a glorious scene—all radiant and
white—
Where I bring bright joys to many hearts,
As the sleigh-bells ring with delight.

My bushy locks are wreathed with snow,
Boreas whistles rude—
But bright the glow

Of joy that burns beside the blazing hearth:
O there is naught of solitude,
In the season of my birth.

Awake! take heed, time cannot stay—
The future soon 'twill fill,
Life runs away
Like streams that have an under current strong,
That silent seem and standing still—
Yet ever flow along.

Fill up, and let the goblet pass,
O'erflowing to the brink—
But once alas,
The season 'round, your hearts I come to cheer—
Then drink, ye earthly mortals! drink,
And welcome the New Year.

December 26, 1848.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year!
How it falls upon the ear,
Like a sweet and melting strain,
Giving joy and soothing pain.

Happy new year! merry child;
Happy new year! and it smiled;
Laughingly it ran away,
Shouting, "Happy new year day!"

Happy new year! lovely maid;
Why upon thy brow that shade?
Beauty it doth not adorn,
Smile as smiles this new year morn.

Happy new year! man four-score,
Whose long life will soon be o'er,
Happy new year! man of care,
May your troubles disappear.

Happy new year! ye who dwell
In the dark and gloomy cell—
Prisoners of crime and woe,
Happy new year may you know.

Happy new year! pitying poor,
Ye who live in homes obscure—
May you in your sad distress,
Feel a ray of happiness.

Happy new year! Happy new year!
How it falls upon the ear
Like an angel-spirit's call:—
Happy new year, one and all.

January 1, 1849.

TO ONE BELOVED.

There is a gift divine as Heaven,
The sweetest e'er to mortals given,
  That dwelleth in the heart;
And ah! for all the golden ore
That's found on Sacramento's shore,
  I would not with it part.

It makes the guiltless heart feel glad,
It makes the guiltless heart feel sad,
  Either joy or pain can move;
It finds its bliss in Hymen's ties,
It finds its woe when sweet Hope dies—
  Ah! such is human love.

Lo, gold has tempted man afar,
And fame has lured him on to war;
  For these will man e'er rove,
And yield the bliss that love would claim;
But what is wealth to empty fame,
  Or empty fame to love?

Though love is melancholy, yet
Like saddest music, 'tis most sweet,
  And purest when most sad;
Much knowledge do we learn from grief,
As we learn in the falling leaf,
  Like it, we too must fade.

Oh! shall I, maid! e'er realize
A love more strong than friendship's ties,
And of more real worth?
Friendship may bind two hearts at strife,
But love's the very soul of life,
Our paradise on earth.

Sweet lady! if this heavenly ray
Has to thy heart e'er found its way,
How happy is thy state;
And can I *hope*, and can I dare
To ask, with thee this bliss to share,
Ah! speak—what is my fate?

February 1, 1849.

THE COUNTRY LOVERS.

Suggested on seeing Durand's painting of "The Fountain."

O happy pair!
How well the faithful artist hath portrayed
This loving couple in their humble love;
The one in all simplicity arrayed—
The other meek and gentle as the tone
Of the far landscape in perspective seen.
O there they sit in converse at the base
Of a tall tree, whose trunk and branches wear
A bark that e'en the watchful eye deceives,

For with the sunlight falling on its side,
You'd think that you could peel it off, so true
Is it to nature.

Beautifully lies
The basin of a fountain just below,
Whose cooling depth is lucid as the stream
Of love that flows in those pure beings' breasts,
Or the unruffled azure of the skies,
Which lies in tranquil beauty mirrored forth
On the calm bosom of the liquid fount:
And, lo! the sunset, whose warm melting rays
Dissolves itself in rich delicious smiles,
Comes darting through the intervening trees,
And o'er the landscape fair its hazy beams
Now sparkle on the fountain's tiny waves.
O what a joy if every life could glide
Through this besetting world like this calm stream;
Perhaps it is the prototype of his
To whom we owe this sweet created scene:
The glitt'ring steeple of the village church
Far in the distant prospect dimly seen,
Now seems to lend a hallowed air around;
For in the faces of those beings dwell
A sweet benignant look of holiness,
For "God is love," and love, the heart's ideal,
Is perfect bliss.

The youth is happy now,
For with his arm encircling her waist,
He gazes tenderly into her eyes,
(Those orbs where love is apt to be first learned),
As if he there read blessèd tales of love,
And seems to breathe to her a language sweet—
For love howe'er uncouth it may be said,
Sounds beautiful—for poetry it is.
And not in vain that faithful lover spoke,
For him she loved and smiling said, " I'm thine."
Thanks that his passion was a trusting one.
Not so prove all who woo the gentle sex,
For, O confiding woman! there are hearts
That 'neath the semblance of affection true,
Would tempt thee on to ruin, but, oh! beware,
Look well and study in each varied act
The man who would ally his life to thee,
Lest he prove false and misery be thine;
For marriage is a serious event,
(For once made firm 'tis difficult to break)
And lest it is the offspring of true love,
Can ne'er fulfil the end that God designed.

Beautiful picture! in my memory flits
In vivid hues thy recollection still,
And haunts my troubled spirit to toil on
And follow in the path of this great man:
Vain hope! no Musidora can I paint,

Or Ariadne 'grave with genius rare.
I am content to view what other hands
Can with consummate skill create and breathe
Upon the canvas an undying name,
Like that which in this picture brightly glows,
And muse and praise and feel a thrill of joy,
Far sweeter than the siren voice of Fame.

February 1, 1849.

SPRING.

Beautiful spring has come again,
  With its lovely face so dear,
Smiling through showers of gentle rain,
  Like a spirit of the air:
Cold Winter's gone with its angry brow,
  Gray beard and ugly mouth—
For the gentle Spring is with us now,
  Child of the sunny South!

No longer blows the Northern blast,
  Sad emblem of grim death;
The balmy Zephyr's come at last,
  With its sweet and spicy breath;
And with it, too, the tribe that throngs
  The tropics all the year,
To fill again our groves with songs,
  And charm the list'ning ear.

Bright and beautiful skies above
  In azure softness lay,
Like Beauty dreaming of true love,
  Too sweet to last for aye:
And streams come dancing merrily,
  With music in their flow;
Fit types of what our lives should be,
  But, ah! how few such know.

Kind nature (whom to love is bliss),
  Awakes as from a dream,
And in her garb of loveliness,
  A paradise doth seem;
And gentle Spring comes tripping forth,
  Like a seraph of the sky,
And as she drives cold Winter north,
  He heaves a sad—"Good-by."

She lights upon the leaves and flowers,
  And breathes them into bloom,
And weeps herself in fresh'ning showers,
  And scatters sweet perfume:
She smiles in beauty on each thing,
  With dimples round her mouth—
Then welcome, sweet and gentle Spring!
  Child of the sunny South!

March 6, 1849.

TO MY MOTHER.

Whilst on a visit to Charleston, S. C.

Once more I am within my native place;
  But, ah! I know it not—for many years
Have passed since last I saw its honored face.
  I then was very young, and memory bears
But now a faint remembrance. I embrace
  It fondly, though with eyes suffused in tears;
For I will ne'er my place of birth disclaim,
Since it is linked, dear mother! with thy name.

I've drank from out the deep pure crystal well
  Of Friendship with a sense of joyousness;
And felt the magic charm of Love's sweet spell
  Come o'er me like the melting of a kiss;
And in the haunts of nature loved to dwell,
  And thought it was a paradise of bliss;
But, oh! there is a joy that's more divine
Than these, my mother! 'tis that name of thine.

Sweet name! the very sound is melody,
  More melting than the nightingale's famed
    lay;
And now it hath a double joy to me,
  For, O sweet mother! thou art far away—
And bears with it the sweets of memory,
  My own belovèd home, so bright and gay,

Where all the dear ones that I love the best,
Are gathered, like the dove unto her nest.

In absence it is sweet to dwell upon,
The friends that we have left behind with pain,
And, oh! 'tis saddened when we think that none
Perhaps of these you e'er will see again;
But with thy name, my mother! there is one
That I would link in memory's gold chain,
'Tis my own Eldie, who first gave me joy,
And taught me love when I was yet a boy.

My mother! when I left thee, nature wore
Her snowy robe, and dead was every thing;
But when I hailed this distant Southern shore,
The earth was blushing in the hues of Spring:
And yet for all the beauty that I saw,
My heart still sighed to hear Boreas sing;
For I do love the cold winds moaning low,
The low'ring skies, mute streams, and virgin snow.

Ah! do not think unhappiness is mine,
Because I breathe a melancholy strain;
Oft sorrow is an heir to bliss divine,
And grief revives—as flowers by gentle rain;
'Tis a sweet sadness that creeps like a vine
Around my soul, an antidote to pain:

The liveliest heart is not the happiest,
Though melancholy is ever a sad guest.

For health and pleasure have I sought this clime,
  And found it—and will soon return to home;
But ere I go, I send to thee this rhyme—
  And hope 'twill be a blessing to thee some;
And when the Hudson and its hills sublime,
  I once more see, I ne'er again will roam—
But in my home with thee I'll fondly dwell,
'Till then, my dearest mother! fare-thee-well!

March 13, 1849.

TO EMMA.

A SONNET.

Sweet lady! if my heart had never known
  The joyous thrill of love, 'till I had seen
  Thy face, that like a summer's sky serene
In sunset hues upon my vision shone,
It would have been thy privilege *alone*
  To have *first* moved it with a joy that's been,
  For many years, a bosom friend within;
But I have vowed it to *another one*—
And can I falsely prove, and cast away
  A gem that makes existence doubly dear?

That is not love that's dazzled ev'ry day
With faces new, and thinks 'tis love sincere:
Then I will be thy friend, and for thee pray,
And e'en admire thy loveliness so rare.

March 14, 1849.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

In the stillness of midnight,
From the sky an angel bright,
Earthward took her happy flight.

Beauty on her face she wore,
Peace dwelt in her heart secure—
Happiness! the name she bore.

In a dimly lighted room,
Poring o'er a pond'rous tome,
Sat a wretched man alone.

Restless had his spirit soared,
Glory's height his soul adored;
Tell me—what was his reward?

Ah! the sap of life was gone,
Misery was his alone,
Fame had smiled to lure him on.

In the midst of his distress,
Stood before him, Happiness!
And he felt his woe was less.

"Wilt thou yield," the Goddess spake,
"Empty fame; and Heaven take?"
"All," he cried, "for thy sweet sake."

Health returned, and sweet content,
Happy were the days he spent;
Peace of mind is Heaven lent.

Mortal! if thou would'st be blest,
Take unto thy restless breast
Happiness!—the welcome guest.

March 22, 1849.

WINTER IS GONE.

Winter is gone! like a ghost he has fled,
And will haunt no more the earth with his tread;
For the roar of his voice is hushed like the dead,
At the birth of Spring:
He sinks 'neath the glance of her mild azure eyes,
And melts at the warm spicy breath of her sighs,
Like the vapors that curl round the hills at sunrise—
All night gathering.

Winter is gone!—the skaters are heard
No more—for the rivers now sing like a bird,

And the air is as soft as a light whispered word,
And the skies are bright:
The earth in her emerald vesture is clad,
And laughs with a voice that is happy and glad,
For the heart that is sorrowful need not be sad,
She breathes but delight.

Winter is gone!—farewell, monarch old!
The season of storm, and of wind, and of cold,
Thou hast revelled enough with a face stern and bold,
Away, then, away!
For see, thy fair daughter comes over the plain;
And now she is seen in a shower of rain,
In the form of a rainbow behold her again—
Thus changing each day.

Winter is gone! and Spring is upon us,
So modest, so meek, that she really would shun us,
But come, gentle Spring! with thy rays you must sun us,
So warm and so mild:
Thou comest like Hebe with a bloom on thy face,
And thou scatterest happiness in every lone place,
For health, bliss and beauty, thy form doth embrace;
Then welcome, sweet child!

April 12, 1849.

MOONLIGHT ON THE BATTERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

'Tis like a dream of Heaven as you come
On the Battery to-night; the south breeze
As sweet as flowers just bursting into bloom,
First greets you with a song amid the trees,
And then, upon your brow in wanton ease,
It lingers 'till it cools its fevered glow;
And in the bright clear sky your vision sees
The full round moon, in majesty of show,
That from her throne sublime looks on the world below.

O what an eve for the faint soul to rise,
To give it life, and with its God commune,
To read His glory in the silent skies.
Oh! what were night without the stars and moon?
A desert heart without affection's boon.
This quiet walk is like an infant's sleep,
So hushed, except at times some boat alone
Glides happily along, or voices creep
In serenades across the silver mirror'd deep.

The night is full of poetry and bliss,
For beauty smiles around, below, above;

The moon in fairy form now bends to kiss
The tiny waves of Ashley, as they move
In ripples, like the white wings of a dove
That flutters with a motion full of grace.
The night is full of beauty and of love;
God's lineaments are seen in Nature's face,
For Heaven and earth her form in beauty doth
embrace.

Moonlight upon the Battery—my soul
Is filled with joy as I gaze around,
For dreams upon my vision seem to roll,
That melt away like some delicious sound;
And forms do flit about the walks and ground,
Enjoying the scene with calm delight.
Oh! sweet is such a spot where beauty's found,
For beautiful the Battery at night,
When the sky is clear, and the moon is shining
bright.

April 16, 1849.

SONNET TO LIZZIE, ACCOMPANIED WITH A BOUQUET.

I love to gaze on beauty, though I ne'er
  May clasp it to my heart and call it mine,
  For 'tis a thing of joy—a bliss divine,
That does revive the drooping soul with cheer;
But when I viewed thine eyes, that did appear
  Like the bright star that doth at twilight shine,
  I could have wished that they were never thine,
For with thy face of heaven they did tear
  My heart with a delight, too wild—too strong;
For ah! this heart of mine is not my own,
  But to another one it does belong;
So this bouquet, fair lady! must atone
  For all the sweet affection thou didst move—
  Farewell! I'll think of thee where'er I rove.

April 27, 1849.

MY NATIVE PLACE—GOOD-BY.

On leaving Charleston, S. C., April 30, 1849.

Farewell! my native place, farewell!
I leave thee with regret;
In whatsoever spot I dwell,
I will not thee forget:
For in my brief, but blest sojourn,
My bosom's heaved no sigh—
'Till I again to thee return,
My native place, good-by!

I've knit the ties of friendship some,
And found them firm and true,
I go to my adopted home,
This friendship to renew—
And though I love her scenery,
Her bright blue northern sky,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My native place, good-by!

Charleston! my native place, adieu!
I ne'er may see thee more—
This thought makes saddened drops of dew
Upon my cheek come o'er—
But we must part—with grief I swell,
My lips can scarce reply
To bid thee, friends, a last farewell,
My native place, good-by!

April 30, 1849.'

LAKE MAHOPAC.

Lake of the green and woody isles,
  I ne'er behold thy face,
In calm or storm, but what some smiles
Of beauty I can trace;
For there's a magic spell in thee
  That melts the sternest hearts,
And lingers in the memory
  Like the joy that love imparts.

In that dear season when the charm
  Of God's perfection's seen,
And early Summer spreads her balm
  Of happiness serene,
When love is wakened by a kiss
  And beauty by a smile,
Then, Mahopac, thy loveliness
  Is paradise the while.

The chirping of the plumaged race,
  The sound of waters clear,
The winds that kiss the rose's face,
  The voice of lovers dear—
The tread of footsteps through the grove,
  The quick stroke of the oar,
And melody, "the food of love,"
  Are sounds that haunt thy shore.

Soft skies with cheeks all glow by day
  And starry eyes by night,
Look down into thy depths and lay
  With tremblings of delight;
And isles and woods, and hills that rear
  Their summits in the sky,
Do make thy beauty doubly fair
  Unto the weary eye.

Beautiful Petra! * could I show
  My gratitude to thee,
I'd woo thy solitude, and, oh!
  'Twould not be lone to me,
For I would wake thy echoes loud
  And in thy "*hollow*" live,
And day and night, with spirits proud,
  My thoughts to thee I'd give.

Sweet Isle of Beauty! thou dost hold
  The right that thou dost claim,
For who could e'er thy form behold
  But wish to share its name?
And isle of fruit,† that seems to muse
  Beside thee on the stream,
Looks like a lover fair, that woos
  Thee unto "love's young dream."

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* An Island. † Blackberry.

Kirk Shore! that skirts the rosy west—
In thy romantic dells
My restless spirit oft is blest
With nature's dreamy spells;
And Wild Cat's Den!—a deep recess,
Where rocks in grandeur lie,
Uplifts my soul and doth impress
It with God's majesty.

Romantic lake! oh, let me share
Thy happiness for aye,
For bliss unto the heart is dear
That's never felt its ray;
And could I find a face as sweet
As is thine own to me,
My joy on earth would be complete,
Dear Mahopac, with thee.

August 23, 1849.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The winds upon their pinions bear,
A glad voice far away,
That speaks to every listening ear,
'Tis Merry Christmas Day.

CHORUS.—Then let us welcome it with song,
And mirth that's never listless;
For fun and music both belong,
To good old Merry Christmas.

The child, the maiden, and schoolboy—
  The young man, and the gray
Haired sire, all hail with pride and joy,
  Our Saviour's natal Day!
    Cho.—Then let us welcome, etc.

The snow, the ice, the winter sky,
  That make fair nature dumb,
Proclaim another year is nigh,
  And Merry Christmas' come.
    Cho.—Then let us welcome, etc.

No difference should there be of birth;
  For poverty and wealth
Alike should mingle in its mirth,
  And drink unto its health.
    Cho.—Then let us welcome, etc.

As like the cedar tree that's seen
  In leaves the year around—
So may its memory, ever-green,
  With our hearts be found.
    Cho.—Then let us welcome, etc.

Rejoice! our hearts should be of cheer—
  Let grief and sadness fly,
For good old Merry Christmas' here,
  And Happy New Year's nigh.
    Cho.—Then let us welcome, etc.

December 23, 1849.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

There is a Providence in ways,
That seemeth well to merit praise,
A reuniting of the heart,
With its long absent counterpart;
As oases within the sand
Revive the pilgrim of the land,
They serve to scatter joy and bliss,
Like gazing on sweet loveliness.
Some such delight doth New Year's seem
To spread around us in a dream,
As friends, long absent, meet to feel
An interchange of social weal;
Thus linking friendship to a chain,
That seems too strong to break in twain.

A gratitude to all doth tend
To greet his neighbor as his friend—
So if the day is dark with storm,
Their smiles are bright enough to warm
The hand of fellowship, and show
A strange acquaintance is no foe.

Around the family circle dwell,
The dear ones that are loved so well;
Perhaps they all have been estranged
For years—through distant climes have ranged

In poverty and pain's distress,
Without a gleam of hope to bless
Their dark misfortune 'till this hour—
Which broke upon them like a flower
Just blushing in the arms of morn,
All bright with some new beauty born.

O there are meetings that are worth
More than the jewels of the earth—
And such are these where kindred tie,
Do look on those for whom they'd die:
Than this—what world would sweeter be,
  If such a love possessed all kind,
And mingled in such harmony,
  As in this Eden you would find?
Still there are many places yet,
That you or I have never met;
Imaginings can scarcely rise
Above their bright realities.

Such would I have this Union stand,
United, as the glorious land
Of liberty and peace, that gives
The only true bliss that survives.
Yet there's a bolt * that threatens soon
To burst and scatter it to ruin;
But ye who love your country's home,

* The South threatened Secession in 1849.

Rise up and stay this dreadful doom—
And unto Him who doth command,
Pray for the safety of this land.

Blest New Year's! welcome, happy day!
That scattereth thy potent ray
Of happiness on every face
That yields a smile to thy embrace.

The cherub child with laughing eyes,
Climbs on its father's knee, and cries
A "Happy New Year," and away
It laughing runs again to play.
The school-boy, free from tasks he dread,
With naught but visions in his head
Of winter sports that on him crowd,
A "Happy New Year" shouts aloud.
The maiden, lovely as a sprite
(For woman is an angel quite),
Is blest—for on her lips 'mid sighs,
A "Happy New Year" melts and dies.
The lover pressing to his breast,
All that can ever make him blest—
Whispers in tones that seem divine,
"A Happy New Year! love! be thine."
The man who finds his time of life,
An age of sorrow, care and strife,
Despite the woes that round him lay,

A "Happy New Year" will he say.
The poor old man, who never more
May see another year pass o'er,
With claspèd hands and heart sincere,
A "Happy New Year" is his prayer.

Thus young and old in joy display,
The welcoming of New Year's day;
So now in parting, let me show
My gratitude, which doth o'erflow—
By wishing all and every friend,
A "Happy New Year!" to life's end.

December 23, 1849.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANN FULLER, OF PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

'Tis sad to see the good depart,
When life is young, with hope imbued,
But sadder when the joyous heart
Hath loved and been beloved and wooed—
And leaves a dear one in distress,
To weep and mourn one parent less.

'Twas thine, loved one! to meet such fate,
But God decreed that death should come
With lingering steps, though mournful state,
To call thee to his heavenly home:

Yet He was good thus to prepare
Thy soul, to meet Him fitly there.

Young as thou wast, affliction's tear
  Had often checked thy joyous mirth,
For father, mother, brother dear,
  And child have passed away from earth,
And left thee with the hope, which thou
We trust hast found in Heaven now.

Thy chief delight on death's dim morn
  Dwelt in the friends that thou should'st see,
And seemed impatient to be gone
  To meet them in eternity;
The goodness that thou bore through life,
Now brightened in a dying wife.

The smile that lit thy pallid face,
  But showed thy spirit saw afar
Its realms of peace, which we can trace
  At night in some far distant star;
And sweet contentment shadowed forth—
What happiness was thine in death.

Farewell! the poet can but give
  A trifling tribute to the dead,
'Tis memory should keep alive
  The loved ones in their narrow bed;
And thou shalt live in many a mind,
Where verse can no remembrance find.

March 4, 1852.

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

It is pleasant in the Spring time
To go forth into the fields,
To escape the city's dulness,
And enjoy what nature yields;
For the skies are bright and tranquil,
And the flowers are blooming now—
And the streamlet's song is keeping time
With the robin on the bough;
Ah! 'tis sweet to see such beauty
And such sounds as these to hear—
For it makes the country pleasant
In the Spring time of the year.

I could worship nature ever,
Were she always young and fair,
As now I gaze upon her.
With a smile and then a tear—
Let me love, if love the heart must,
Something earthly—yet divine—
Woo—I shall in spite of woman—
Spring—to be the bride of mine;
Though her life is frail and short-lived,
Yet what pleasures does she bring;
Ah! 'tis pleasant in the country,
To love and woo sweet Spring.

April 17, 1853.

PETRA.

Beauteous island! dearest Petra!
Few as lovely and none sweeter,
With thy trees of ever-green,
Waving o'er the lake serene,
Let my song in sweetest metre,
Crown thee, Queen of Islands, Petra!

Human love may knit strong ties,
Yet 'tis earthly and soon dies—
But fair Nature's to us given
To direct our thoughts to Heaven,
For to see a form like thine,
It perfects a love divine.

There thou liest day and night
In the sun and pale moonlight,
Like a gem upon the sea,
In such sweet tranquillity—
Vying with the lake so pure
Who shall most the lover lure.

All who see thee must inherit
Something of the sacred spirit,
But none bears thee, I opine,
Such devoted love as mine;
Every song shall echo back,
"Petra! pride of Mahopac!"

August 8, 1853.

SHE WAS A GIRL.

She was a girl of rosy health,
With eyes that glanced anon by stealth—
But when they met thine honest view
They were as frank and open too—
And oft bestowed such happiness
That love ne'er revelled in such bliss.

She was a girl of beauty rare
That grew more beautiful each year;
Like to the rose from day to day
That gently bursts its leaves so gay,
And looks each time more beautiful,
Tempting the youthful heart to cull.

She was a girl of mirth and love
With heart to feel and soul to move;
The one with pure affection rife
The other filled with hope and life,
And both so artless in their way
That Cupid and l'Allegro own her sway.

She was a girl—yet woman shone,
For she beyond her years had grown,
As queenly form and rounded breast
And strength of mind and pride attest;
A girl in years and woman in mind,
She was the noblest of her kind.

November 12, 1853

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY E. BROWNE, OF SING SING, N. Y.

At any hour
To meet grim death, it is a fearful thing—
But more so when he comes with swiftest wing,
We feel his pow'r.

The thunder came,
But not until the fatal lightning first—
For ere report upon our ears had burst,
Death shot his flame.

Smote by His rod—
But yesterday—her form so full of bloom,
To-day lies wither'd in the silent tomb—
Her soul with God.

And she is gone,
No more on earth we'll see her radiant face—
But memory will hold for her a place,
And sorrow mourn.

Rest, dear one! rest,
What though the winter winds sweep o'er thy head,
They chant methinks a requiem o'er the dead,
That suits them best.

When birds appear—
And zephyrs blow, and flowers begin to bloom,
Friendship will seek in quiet Dale thy tomb,
And drop a tear.

Thy loss we feel,
For aye the good in heart are always dear—
Yet we'd recall thee not from that high sphere;
Loved one! farewell.

January 14, 1855.

SONNET TO A LADY.

I met thee first, fair one! at Mahopac,
A lovely spot and to me very dear—
For all the summer days that I've spent there
Were happy, and I would recall them back.
When I beheld thee first, a girl of mind,
With admiration did I gaze alone;
But when I saw thee last, a woman grown,
Then love awoke rare happiness to find;
For with thy years so grew thy intellect,
And what was fair now beautiful became,
And with such talent and such beauty decked,
The fav'rite of Fortune and of Fame.
Ah! lady! could I read thy gentle heart,
'Twould happiness or misery impart.

February 14, 1855.

THE SNOW-STORM.

The sky o'erhead
In sombre lead,
With clouds is spread:
  The storm is nigh:
Cold is the air,
And ev'rywhere
Is Nature drear
  Unto the eye;
For frozen floods,
And leafless woods,
All mark the moods
  Of winter stout:
But we are safe
By the fireplace,
And we'll watch the storm that rages out.

See the first flakes
That now forsakes
Heaven, and takes
  To mother earth;
So the young heart
Longs to take part
In pleasure's art
  To taint its birth.
How still and slow
They seem to go,

Those flakes of snow,
  So pure and white,
As round they spread
Their bridal bed,
For the votaries of their delight.

As faster falls
The tiny balls—
Boreas calls
  In louder wrath;
And whirls and lifts,
By turns and shifts,
The snow in drifts
  Along the path;
And here and there,
Some spots are bare.
What doth he care,
  If he can fill
His breath with snow,
To blind you so,
And make you feel his potent will?

Hark! faintly wells,
Now louder swells
The jingling bells
  As they come near;
The sleigh soon speeds,
With neighing steeds,

And shout succeeds
  From hearts of cheer.
The night comes on,
But the winds moan,
And th' tempest's grown
  More strong in might;
But when we wake,
As day doth break,
The storm is past, and the heavens are bright.

February 17, 1855.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

Bring up the sleigh with horses four,
  Though Friday it may be—
We'll ride to-night and make it sure—
To-morrow snow may be no more,
  And that's ill-luck you see.

Come Mary, Fanny, and the rest
  Of Eve's fair daughters grown;
And John, and William (haply blest
With wives), and others on the list,
  We'll ride to Tarrytown.

The night, it is not "bitter chill,"
  As on St. Agnes eve,
The new moon o'er the western hill,

Sheds her pale light on the river still,
  And darkness doth relieve.

Jump in—all ready—'way we go
  With laughter and with song,
Down Bacon's hill we speed not slow
With four and twenty o'er the snow,
  And horses good and strong.

Along the mead we haste away,
  And up the hill we walk,
And chat and laugh, while Dearest May
We praise, and pity poor Dog Tray,
  Who never yet could talk.

When near the bridge and passed almost,
  One of the party leant,
A sudden jerk his balance lost,
And away into the snow was tossed,
  Amid much merriment.

Arrived at last, we all alight,
  And soon the ball-room gain,
I gaze with rapture and delight
Upon the lovely scene to-night,
  Where Beauty's self doth reign.

The music strikes, and soon the floor
  Shakes 'neath the dancers' tread;

The quadrille, polka, schottish o'er,
We pass to supper, where in store
A goodly table's spread.

Around the board the mottoes flew,
Healths drank with joyous eye,
And spirits did revive anew,
For what the coffee failed to do
The champagne did supply.

And supper o'er, the dance again
Was hailed with welcome joy,
And still for hours we did remain,
And whirled until our dizzy brain
All pleasure did destroy.

And now for home, with double stride
We put the horses through,
And inwardly, I said with pride,
God bless the snow for this sleigh-ride,
God bless the ladies too.

January 13, 1856

ACROSTIC.

Maiden! with thy raven hair,
And eyes as bright as the evening star,
Radiant with Beauty's form,
Youth and health and affection warm—
Deign to listen to my plea,
Unrequited though it be.
Beautiful is Friendship's chain,
One link brok'n—to mend is vain;
I pray that ours may ne'er unbind,
Since friends like thee are rare to find.

February 14, 1856.

THE UNEXPECTED SLEIGH-RIDE.

Heigho! for a sleigh-ride, there's joy in the sound,
For what visions of sport in the mind dance around
When we think of the bells (?) that so merrily ring,
While we glide o'er the snow like a bird on the wing;
And the outbursts of glee that arise from our hearts,

Are naught but the feelings that a sleigh-ride imparts.
Then who is on hand for a sleigh-ride again,
In spite of the thaw and the threatening rain?
What, gentlemen! say you? though 'tis late in the day,
The ladies are ready—but 'tis you that delay.
Say no more—we will go—there, give George his command—
Who ever refused when the girls are on hand?
I don't flatter when I say that their presence inspire
A happiness, that naught but a bachelor could tire—
And not e'en that wretch ('tis a hard name I know,
But then he deserves it for not being a beau)
Could resist the sweet looks of a girl at his side,
What before charmed him not, would now sure be his pride,
And gently his arm 'round her waist he would bring,
And declare that he could not resist such a thing.

But 'tis time that we started, and our ride did begin;
First a legal adviser and "Meister Scharlez" got in;

Then they went for Cornelia, and Mary and Kate,
And the greatest *buck out;* then on Fanny did wait;
And lastly came Molly, and Lizzie, and Carrie,
Which completed our load—no more did we tarry,
But with ten in the party, away went the sleigh,
To the tune of "Rip-de-doodle, Rip-de-doodle-dah!"
And every now and then ourselves we did amuse,
Singing "India rubber overcoat and patent leather shoes."
And having travelled now some five or six miles down,
We thought that we would tarry awhile at Tarrytown;
So we helped the ladies out, as we thought very nice—
But as ill luck would have it one fell upon the ice,
When two of us rushed forward, and soon her side we gained,
And freer breathed when found that no injury she sustained.
The ladies, we must look to them, for they are our first care,
So we gave them sangaree, port and lemonade to cheer—

While we had legal business to attend to, tho' not far,
And *smiled* to find ourselves indeed all pleading at the *bar:*
Then the ladies we escorted to a fine repast spread out
In the Franklin House's best style—for they know what they're about:
How the beef-steak and the turkey, quite nearly disappeared,
And the pickles at one time would give out we almost feared;
But thanks to our spruce friend of the India rubber coat,
He refused a single one, which is worthy here of note;
When a plate of them was handed him, he jumped upon a chair—
And when forced upon him by us all, he threw them in the air.
But the hour is wearing on fast, we all prepare to leave
The spot where oft before we've spent, ah! many a pleasant eve.

Good-by! late scene of merriment! crack goes the whip, and away,
And soon the Cemetery grounds upon our right hand lay;

'Twas here along the level road, as all of us well know,
Our jurisprudence friend in specs was pitched into the snow—
And declared when he again did gain the sleigh and his position,
That he never had been served before in such a bad condition,
And hoped that we would not report the accident in print,
But we know he spoke ironically when he gave the hint.
We then drank down each other's health in couplets and in song,
Which kept our spirits vastly up, as the horses jogged along;
And safely home, I bless'd the girls for the ride that we had ta'en,
And hoped the snow would last and give us many such again.

February 14, 1856.

THE SONG OF THE SOIRÉE DANSANTE.*

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

Should you ask me how I come to,
Come to write about this Soirée—
Soirée Dansante—Ball or Social,
Or any other name you're pleased to,
Pleased to call this song of mine—
With its sudden consummation,
With its hurried preparation,
And its happy, joyous ending.

I should answer, I should tell you,
'Tis because I've just been reading,
Reading Hiawatha's song,
And been sleeping, and been dreaming
Of the subject of these verses,
In my cosey room this evening,
In my rocking-chair reclining,
Wrapped within my *robe-de-chambre*,
With my feet encased in slippers,
On a chair of maple resting,
And a real Havana puffing.
In this attitude of comfort,

* A ball given by the Junior Bachelors' Club at the Gilbert House, Sing Sing, N. Y., March, 1856.

Read and smoked I all the evening.
Ever and anon my eyes looked
Through the window, by my bed-side,
On the grand and lordly Hudson,
Freed now from its icy thraldom,
That has held it all the winter,
Flowing in its pride of freedom.
How I love to see its waters,
E'en at night by stars or moonlight,
Mirroring the silent heavens—
And the shadows of the mountains,
On its side in solemn beauty,
Vieth with the midnight heavens.
Beautiful is nature ever,
E'en when darkness doth surround her,
He who loves her will be happy,
Nature's God and God is nature.

Now a chilliness comes o'er me,
As I hear the whistling north wind
Round the corner of my bed-room;
And I draw my chair still nigher
To the anthracite that's burning
In my cosey little grate;
And I looked upon the hot coals,
Wondering if Hiawatha's
Love's as burning as that fire,
When he wooed and won the daughter

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
Minnehaha! Laughing Water!
Then I turned unto the pages
Of the Song of Hiawatha,
And whilst reading all about it,
Hiawatha's wedding feast,
Sleep o'ercame me ere I knew it,
And the book fell from my fingers,
On my lap and to the floor,
And its fall awakened not me.

Presently an apparition,
Came before me like an angel,
Beautiful as ever poet
Fancied in his sweetest theme;
She was human, ah! I knew it,
By that face familiar to me,
By that face so passing fair,
With her ruby lips so tempting—
With her eyes so dark and liquid,
Glittering with the rays of love;
With her cheeks all mantled over
With the roseate hues of health,
With her pure and rich complexion;
By that forehead where alone
Beauty sits as on a throne—
And her hair dishevelled o'er it,
Down her neck of alabaster

Fell in graceful raven tresses;
By that bust that sculptors chisel
When they dream of their ideal,
By that form of symmetry
Beautiful in all its parts:
How I longed to clasp her to me,
How I longed to have her mine,
For I felt that I had found one,
That my heart could love alone.

But a strange mysterious power
Held me back as if by magic,
Not a step could I put forward,
Not a muscle could I move;
There I was a living statue,
Without aid of human means.
Motionless she stood awhile,
Gazing at me with a smile:
Then her graceful arms she lifted,
Beckoning me to follow her,
All at once I felt my freedom,
And I forward sprung with gladness,
Thinking that my prize was captured.
But at once she onward glided,
And her flight though 'twas not rapid,
Still a certain distance kept she,
And I could not gain upon her.
Over hill and over valley,

Through the air on angels' pinions,
Did I follow my belovèd;
'Till we stood within a mansion,
Where a company was gathered,
Most select of all the village—
There to dance the hours away,
In a round of happy pleasure.
Music of the choicest kind,
Was performed by six musicians:
Now the quadrille—then the polka,
Schottisch and Varsoviana,
And all that Terpsichore could teach,
Was performed with nicest measure.

Some were dressed in grenadine,
Robed in flounces of blue satin;
Some with waists of rich black velvet,
And the skirts of blue berege;
Some in brocades flounced with flowers—
Some in dresses of white muslin;
Some in silks of black and sky blue:
All looked beautiful and lovely,
With their gay and gallant escorts,
And seemed happy with each other.
But my angel she outvied them
All in beauty, and in dancing,
And the richest best apparel;
How I gazed with admiration,

And with pride upon her dancing—
'Twas the "poetry of motion."
Now methought I'll seek and woo her,
Make her mine and love her dearly,
So I sought her out and won her,
And stretched out my arms to take her,
When I woke, and found the angel
Was my mother by my side.
She's my guardian angel ever,
She alone I love the best.
So I wrote what I had dreamed of,
And then sought my welcome pillow,
And soon sunk into a slumber,
And dreamed no more of the Soirée.

April 6, 1856.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MISS FLORENCE LEE McCAULEY.

How short and how lovely thy life here on earth,
So pure and so holy—that even
The angels above did rejoice at thy birth,
To gain such a sweet soul in heaven.

To part with thee now wrings many a heart,
Who could well spare some other less dear—
But we know in the bosom of Jesus thou art,
The friend whom thou lovest when here.

Then go to thy home, thou loved one! above—
O beautiful rose! as thou art,
And scatter there perfumes of faith and of love,
As thou did'st here on earth from thy heart.

December 7, 1873.

ABSENT.

Though dearest! we have left each other,
A little while apart to rove—
My love for thee is more than brother,
It is a faithful husband's love.

The live-long day I think of thee,
And when at night, with thoughts above,
I pray upon my bended knee,
That God may bless thee with his love.

I miss thee, dearest! and I long
To meet thee, ne'er to part again;
'Tis absence makes our love more strong—
We do not prize our loss 'till then.

I'll bid thee farewell, with a word
That's dearer far to me than life,
Which none but praise whenever heard,
It is the hallowed name of WIFE.

August 17, 1877.

PRESENTATION ADDRESS

TO

MRS. JOHN W. QUINCY,

Secretary of the William Tell Archery Club, at its Tournament at Gilbert Lawn, Sing Sing, N.Y., August 25, 1880.

What fairer spot in all the village round,
Than Gilbert Lawn to-day can there be found?
With all the charms that nature can supply,
The balmy zephyr and the summer sky,
The spreading trees whose shade invites us here,
The song of birds—the hum of insects near,
The gentle slope of lawn with turf so green,
And the broad Hudson in the distance seen.
Such is the place on which we stand to-day,
And welcome friends and all, both grave and gay.
We know their presence has inspired our hearts,
For hope was with us when we played our parts.

Our worthy Secretary now demands our song:
What tender thoughts upon the memory throng,
As back we turn to early summer days,
When first we knew her but to love and praise;
So kind, so just, so generous and sincere,
We'll always hold her in remembrance dear.

Her's is a nature that to few can fall,
Forgetful of herself to please us all.
Such virtues rare are here in one combined,
And stamp her as the best of womankind.
As founder of our Club, that bears the name
Of "William Tell" the brave, well known to
fame;
We owe her all the pleasures of the bow,
And they are many as we all well know.
At every "meet" her kindly smile is seen
To cheer us as we step upon the green,
With forms erect, feet firm and arms full length,
We bend the bow to try our skill and strength,
And wait with hope elastic as the string,
To break the centre or some other ring.
So with to-day, our feelings quite as strong
To win the prizes that to us belong,
Each one has tried, whatever may befall,
To gain the prize most coveted by all,
And though the victor's known, no jealous eye
Will envy her or him the victory,
But proud to feel we've shot at little cost,
The "tournament" at which we won or lost:
And carry with us when we go away,
The sweet remembrance of this "gala" day.

But now the members of the Club declare
The muse shall pause a moment, while we here

Diverge a little from the common road,
And make a sort of speech or episode.
With feelings proud, we rise to thank our host,
Who leaves us soon (a day or two at most),
For all the acts of kindness she has shown,
The high esteem in which she's held and known.
For these some token of regard is due,
And here a part we would repay to you,
This slight memorial* we now present,
An emblem of the game you represent.
Accept the gift, wrought from our mother earth,
A passing tribute to your sterling worth.
With grateful hearts we thank our honored host,
And give at parting this appropriate toast,
"The Queen of Archery—a fitting name,
The pioneer of our delightful game."

August 20, 1880.

HOPE, FRIENDSHIP, FAITH, AND LOVE.

Hope is the staff on which we lean,
  Friendship the tie that binds withal,
Faith is the beacon light serene,
  But Love's the brightest gem of all.

July 4, 1890.

*** A Gold Lace Pin of Bow and Arrows.**

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